



THE LIBERATOR.

VOL. V.]

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

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THE LIBERATOR

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TERMS.

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REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

[From the N. Y. Sunday Morning News.]
THE CRISIS HAS PASSED.

The friends of order and of the union have prevailed, and the abolitionists have shrunk abashed from the conflict which they invited and provoked. An issue was fairly made up between the abolitionists and their opponents upon the success of the Utica convention. Both parties felt that upon the result every thing depended. The convention assembled, and found arrayed against them a moral force so imposing and unyielding, that after a moment of cowardly hesitation the alarmed disorganizers precipitately abandoned their ground and their standard. We congratulate the country upon the result. The people of New-York have proved themselves, as we doubted not they would do, to be sound to the core on this subject; nor do we believe that the abolition plague can ever be rendered prevalent amongst them, notwithstanding the efforts made to import and spread the foreign virus by some of our learned and pious doctors of divinity and of disorganization.

Our New England friends too, have simultaneously acted with us, and given public and substantial proofs of their sincerity in the professions which they so promptly made at Faneuil Hall, upon the first development of the foul conspiracy against the peace of the country.

Upon the whole, we consider the abolition plot as having failed totally and entirely, although the conspirators might well say with Hotspur—'By the Lord, our plot was a good plot as ever was laid; our friends were good and constant; our good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends.' Why, doctor Cox and doctor Beman commended the plot and the general course of the action. Was not there Garrison, Thompson, and Leavitt? The Tappans of New York, and sundry merchants and clergymen of Troy and Albany? Were there not, besides, the agrarians? Had we not all their letters to meet us in arms on the twenty-first of the month?

Meet they did; but 'horribly afraid,' they dispersed as soon as they saw their own knavish and cut-throat faces.

It may be that, after a while, the black flag will again be raised, and Christians again heard calling to Christians to rally round it in the name of religion. But the call will be only met with the response of indignation and scorn.

Hereafter the leaders of the abolitionists will be treated with less forbearance than they have been heretofore. The people better understand their character and purposes than they formerly did, and consider them as out of the pale of the legal and conventional protection, which society affords to its honest and well meaning members. They will be treated as robbers and pirates—as the enemies of the human kind. The real friends of 'our holy religion,' under cover of which these incendiaries seek to shelter themselves, will drag them out from under the table of the communion, which they pollute and profane, and expose them to the contempt and the chastisement which they merit.

The excitement must now subside. There is no longer any food for it. The Tappans will abandon it as a losing concern. Murrell being already nabbed and in confinement can no longer act as an agent in the south, nor give credit and afford funds to the concern by his great address in horse stealing. Garrison will prefer to sell his halter in England, at a good round price, to having it drawn as tight around his neck as it ought to be and will be if he remains here. Child has gone, and already perhaps made a raise upon his 'brick bat.' Thompson, it is ascertained, has not yet gone. He is afraid to go, without carrying with him some token of his devotion to the cause in which he has been employed. A coat of tar and feathers might probably serve him in England as a shield from the shafts of justice, from which he is now a fugitive. Let him take it, and then let his passage be paid back to England, where he can prepare and publish a money making journal of his mission to the United States. The abolition presses here will cease their clamor, or they will be, like other public nuisances, abated.

The effect of the struggle has been to draw the attention of the northern people to the subject of their relations with the southern states, to acquaint them with the state of domestic slavery there, and to make them sensible of the danger and the impropriety of any kind of interference in regard to it. No attempt to produce any excitement on the subject will probably again occur for many years to come.

In regard to the southern states the result is no less happy. They will learn from it to place full confidence in the friendship and justice of the great mass of the northern people, and will therefore be exposed to less internal agitation and violence upon the recurrence of any slight ebullition of fanaticism in future.

[From the Charleston Courier.]

has rallied strongly, and we believe unanimously, in support of the South, and denounced, in unmeasured terms, the vile incendiaries, who would scatter fire-brands and death, among us. If public sentiment, at the North, sided with the abolitionists, their views and feelings would certainly find vent, and their cause advocates in the public press—but instead of this, they are boldly held up to scorn and detestation, by the editorial corps, and are obliged to subsidize a press of their own, and at great expense, to issue, for distribution gratis, papers and tracts, which nobody but themselves can be found to purchase. It is very certain, too, that their labors so far, have produced only evil to the race which they have selected as the objects of their devilish philanthropy. At the North they have raised the mob against the property and lives of their sable proteges, and at the South they have only added to the rigor of the code noir, and caused a repeal of laws permitting emancipation.

***** We cannot close this article without subjoining, in justice to the Northern press, the following extracts from highly influential papers, which speak a feeling grateful to the South, and which, if only followed up by corresponding deeds, will leave the South no further cause of complaint, and establish THE UNION ON THE ROCK OF PERPETUITY. To the New York Courier and Enquirer, which has so long and consistently stood up for the rights of the South, and now denounces the abolitionists as a 'club of villains,' who 'ought not to be allowed the liberty to hold a public meeting,' and 'must be put down by the voice of public execration;' to the New York Commercial Advertiser, which warns the incendiaries that they will be called upon to answer for their reckless wickedness, 'perhaps at a more awful bar than any upon earth;' to the Boston Gazette, which pronounces the toleration of the English emissary Thompson, 'disgraceful to the country;' to the Hartford Times especially, which judiciously condemns the measure of Abolition in the District of Columbia, (about which a portion of the Northern press, otherwise sound, exhibits an intermeddling spirit) 'as a part of the general system of operations of the fanatics and pseudo-philanthropists;' to the Boston Atlas, from which we quoted an article a few days since, so generously indignant and constitutionally sound; and to the Northern press generally, without distinction of party, for its friendly and gallant championship, the South cannot but award the warm tribute of gratitude, and willing meed of praise.

Garrison's 'Liberator' made its appearance as usual, but no body seems to know where Garrison is himself. One Burleigh it seems acts as *locum tenens* to that wretch during his *hégira*. The Burleigh, we take to be the genius who married Prudence Crandall, the young lady whose black and white propensities were legislated out of Connecticut a year or two since. He has commenced his editorial career quite characteristically; having, as we learn from the Boston Transcript, uttered two falsehoods—known to be such—in the first paragraph of his sheet. It is very lamentable that our soil should be polluted by these miserable and our communities be torn to pieces and victimized by their mad impudence. And the very moment too, that they drive a peaceable people from their forbearance—when they provoke society into violence—that moment do we hear the hue and cry of 'persecution' raised in their favor! We have no patience with the maudlin sensibility exercised towards them. They drive our communities into improprieties by their own unendurable impudence, and then call for commiseration from the very people whose peace and quietness they have disturbed. They set towns and villages in an uproar and expect the inhabitants to pity the prime movers, when the popular exasperation drives them into their skulking places. But such is human nature and always will be we suppose. The villain who expiates a murder upon the gallows, always becomes a saint about the time he is hanged.—M. Y. Courier and Enquirer.

COMMUNICATIONS.

OUR HOPE IS IN GOD.

MESSRS. GARRISON AND KNAPP:

A few weeks since I adverted in a short article in your columns, to the great importance of prayer in relation to the abolition cause.

In answer to a request that those, who felt a freedom to solemnly covenant together, to remember this cause daily before the throne of grace, would transmit me their names, I have received a number of pleasing letters. Let me humbly make a call for more. This I do, not to make a show, merely, (for I assure those who may favor me with their names that they shall not be published to the world,) nor because I think that multitudes do not already cry heartily to God for the termination of the great sin of slavery, and the preservation of those who are engaged in the cause of emancipation; but because such means serve sometimes to quicken those who are already engaged, and often to greatly encourage them by a knowledge that they have many coadjutors in this heavenly work. I shall never forget the impression made on my own mind, when entering the house of a Christian friend, as I was journeying from home, a dear brother saluted me, and remarked that he had been praying for me much for a number of weeks past—I thought I knew him to be a righteous man, and I was sure that the fervent effectual prayers of a righteous man availeth much; and in the midst of great trials it afforded me inexpressible satisfaction and comfort to think that one righteous man thought of me enough, daily to pray for me. I repeat it, 'our hope is in God,' and God alone. The promise is, that 'when the enemy comes in like a flood, the spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.' The enemy has come in like a flood—the whole nation 'of the ungodly' is moved to swal-

low up the abolitionists. They are slandered almost beyond a parallel—persecuted without mercy—deprived of the common privileges of citizens and Christians—their lives bought with blood thirsty avidity, while they are hunted like 'the partridge upon the mountains,' and large sums offered for kidnapping them, which would doubtless issue in their death. Let then, abolitionists pray to God to lift up a standard against the enemy—let those who are not called to act prominently remember those who are. How many this moment are jeopardizing their lives in this cause. Besides Garrison and others, who march in front at the north, let us remember our dear brethren in the city of New-York. The President of the American Anti-Slavery Society should be remembered before God constantly and without ceasing. And let us by no means forget the beloved Birney, Weld, and the whole army of abolitionists in the west. Let female abolitionists, every where 'do as they would be done by,' and pray for those men who are liable every day to be torn from the arms of their wives and children, as was Mr. Garrison by the 'decent people of Boston,' a few days since. And here let me remark, we have good ground to stand on in prayer; we can fill our mouths with arguments—with scriptural arguments too—we can plead with God to vindicate his own character, and cause his glorious name to be revered by those who do not at all recognize his government in respect to the subject of slavery. We can call upon God, in agreement with his own word, to plead the cause of the poor oppressed and down trodden slaves—and we can call upon God to cover the heads of his servants who are advocating this cause in the day of battle and to shield them from the darts and storms of the ungodly. I am not ashamed, Messrs. Editors, to own that my hope is in God, and earnestly call upon every abolitionist, who has an interest at the throne of grace, to continue instant in prayer. Let not the monthly concert be forgotten nor neglected.

Yours without watering
In this holy cause,

RAY POTTER.

A WORD TO ABOLITIONISTS ON THE SUBJECT OF VOTING.

It is well understood by abolitionists, that they do not mean to organize into a distinct political party—and it ought to be equally well understood by them that not a man of them ought to give his vote for those of any political party, who will the moment they are elected, proceed to gag every anti-slavery man in the land. So far as the Whig and Jackson parties are concerned, I have hitherto been in favor of the Whigs; but am now confounded. The Whig papers of this city, got up the mob of the 21st inst. and have, without exception, directly or indirectly justified it.

They mob abolitionists and then condemn abolitionists for the very mobs which they themselves excite! Thus, when a mob assembled in Salem, to break up a prayer meeting, the Transcript comes out with an article headed, 'George Thompson has occasioned another mob'—when the said George Thompson was no where near the place! There is no doubt but what of the great body of abolitionists in this state, (for let their enemies know that they have got to be numerous and are fast increasing,) a large proportion have voted with the Whig party; but it is high time for them to give up their predilections for a party whose leading papers call for mobs to gag them, and who excite the 'well dressed' rabble to destroy their property and their lives. And this they will do. They have too much honesty to support a party, who, to buy southern votes, will barter away their own liberties and the lives of their dearest friends and most worthy citizens. It is believed that the Whigs of this city, are making their calculations to elect men to the next general court, who will enact a real aristocratical gag law—and this probably will be followed by the underlying Whigs throughout the State. Let abolitionists therefore beware for whom they vote—and let them remember what papers in the city of Boston, set the blood hounds upon them, and then condemned them for being dogged; and also, what papers nobly stood forth in vindication of their rights, although not harmonizing with them in their peculiar sentiments.

AN OLD ABOLITIONIST.

MEDDLESOME BUSINESS.

No. 11.

MR. EDITOR.—In my preceding communication I called the attention of your readers to what is headed an 'INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE' published in the Ch. Adv. & Jour. of Sept. 4. I there noticed six charges which have been preferred against the New England Conference by fourteen officious meddlers, in and about the city of New York. Here I will continue an examination of the same subject:—

7. We are charged with having 'rendered ourselves liable to the imputation of being influenced chiefly by the question of immediate abolition;' and of 'making this the governing qualification in lieu of the high and paramount consideration which should be universally regarded in such elections.

The first part of this charge is a base insinuation

which is designed to wound more deeply than a direct charge. It is like the covered javelin in the hand of the assassin, which he plunges more deeply into the seat of life, than if he had flourished it in the sight of his victim before he struck. Such cowardly malice is too contemptible to merit the honor of being named only to be abominated.

The second part of the charge, though attempted to be concealed, is rather more direct. But as this has been denied, and already answered in my remarks on the sixth charge, to which the reader is referred; what was there said need not be repeated here. But even admitting that the majority of the New England Conference thought it proper to elect their delegates in view of the subject of slavery as it exists in our church, I should like to know if they have not a right to do it? And, what business fourteen men in New York have to meddle with the doings of our Conference, provided they are legal?

Methodist Conferences have heretofore thought slavery a subject of sufficient importance to demand their attention and action; and I most ardently hope that the time will soon come when they will give it a more deep attention, and a more decided, persevering and effectual action than ever.

In 1780 our ministers were neither ashamed nor afraid to speak and to act in their Conference capacity on this subject. They were then Anti-Slavery men, and I very much doubt whether fourteen or even seven could have been found in America who would have signed such a letter as that now under consideration. I will here give a few of their sentiments, which I quote from an 'ADDRESS' on the subject of slavery, recently published in 'Zion's Herald.' On the date above named the ministers of our church express the following sentiment by an act of Conference:

'The Conference acknowledges that Slavery is contrary to the laws of God, man, and nature, and hurtful to society.—contrary to the dictates of conscience and pure religion, and doing that which we would not that others should do unto us, and they pass their disapprobation on all our friends who keep slaves, and they advise their freedom.'

Here is abolition; warm and pure, and just what the majority of the New England Conference now subscribe to with all the heart; and just what they are now so bitterly persecuted for, by the fourteen 'meddlers in other men's matters.' What a pity that Dr. Fisk or some 'kindred spirit' could not have been there 'to calm the turbulence of passion, and quell the perturbation of the bitter waters of such fanaticism!'

In 1784 the 'Conference ordered, that all the travelling preachers who were then, or afterwards should be possessed of slaves, and refused to set them free where the laws admitted it, should be employed as preachers no more.'

I wonder if such an order could be passed by the next General Conference?—If they should be guilty of 'the introduction of that foreign and exciting subject,' and thereby 'disturb the peace of the church,' I presume the New York Committee of fourteen would send out their letter of censure without the least possible delay. Dr. Reese I am sure would not sleep till he had written it; and all know, who live in and about New York, that, if he should write, that Dr. Bangs would hardly dare refuse to publish it; though he had promised beforehand that he would publish no more *pro nor con* on the subject.

In addition to the above acts, the Conference has passed many orders in direct opposition to slavery; and I am confident that the time is not far distant when there will be more action than ever. The fact is, slavery is to be purged from the church of the living God—it must cease before the knowledge of God can cover the earth; and the word of God must accomplish that for which He has sent it; and happy will it be for the Methodist Church if she will but return to a course of vigorous action on this subject, and take the lead in purging the church from this 'mother of abominations.'

8. To prove that the Conference made 'immediate abolition the governing qualification' in the candidates for election, 'in lieu of the high and paramount consideration, which should be universally regarded in such elections,' they say that 'one or more of our own partisans were deterred from accepting the appointment, because of the partizan character of the transaction.'

Here we are charged with giving a 'partizan character' to the election; and the 'declinature' of one of our 'partisans' is brought forward to convict the rest. But was this man, who is called 'one of their own partisans' a very zealous adherent to his party? If he had been, it is probable that he would have declined his election?

The true cause of the 'declinature' of this delegate is not stated. The facts in the case, as near as I can remember, were these:—Dr. Fisk would have it that the election was conducted on party principles,—that the Anti-Slavery members made 'immediate abolition the governing qualification'—that they had done a great many bad things, which in the bitterness of prejudice he charged against them. Under this abuse, the delegate in question felt himself aggrieved, and for this cause he offered his resignation. So that instead of being 'deterred from accepting the appointment' by any thing which he had seen wrong in his electors, it was rather solely on account of the abuse he and his associates had received from Dr. Fisk and 'other members of kindred spirit.' And it is a serious doubt in my mind whether the same cause, with the aid of the Christian Advocate & Journal, does not deter others from going to General Conference. If delegates must have their motives impugned, and their characters traduced for using their elective franchise in a way not to please the 'minority;' if they must be treated as disorganizers,—the enemies of their country and their church; and if they must be advertised through the columns of the reputed organ of their

own church as reckless fanatics and mad incendiaries, I should think them perfectly justified in declining their seat in that body. For what good could they do for the branch of the church they are appointed to represent, while they are published beforehand, as a miserable faction—full of 'the turbulence of passion,' and of 'the perturbation of the bitter waters of party strife.'

I do not wish to advise the Delegates, but as one of their electors I hope they will get together and pass a resolution something like the following:

Resolved, That we as delegates of the New England Conference, feel ourselves grossly insulted and deeply injured by what has been published in the Christian Advocate & Journal, under the head of 'Interesting Correspondence,' inasmuch as our motives have there been impugned, our characters impeached, and our influence to the greatest possible extent martyred:—

That we consider the 'Correspondence' a base manoeuvre for party purposes—designed to prevent a fair representation of the New England Conference:—

That as the Christian Advocate & Journal, the authorized organ of our church has been made, in the hands of its present editors, a party against a whole conference, and has refused it a voice in common with its sister conferences on a great moral question:—

That as it has publicly advertised us as a faction—the disturbers of the peace of the church, without allowing us a place in its columns to vindicate ourselves from its railing accusations:—

And, that as it has warned the General Conference against us as the unprincipled violators of our word, as possessing no higher qualification for the office of delegates than 'the turbulence of passion,' and as being the enemies of our church and our country; and thereby making it impossible for us to occupy our seats on equal ground with the delegates from other Conferences:—

Therefore, we under present 'circumstances' are 'impelled alike by a sense of duty to our own characters,' and the honorable majority of our own conference, 'to decline our seats until we can be allowed to occupy them as men and as Christians.'

Whether the self-constituted committee on elections would consider this a dignified and honorable declinature of your election, and get D. M. Reese to write you a letter for Dr. Bangs to publish in the Advocate & Journal, offering you their 'affectionate congratulations,' I will not now attempt to say.

But to return to the 'one or more of their own partisans' who were deterred from accepting the appointment, because of the partizan character of the transaction.

Dr. Fisk, it seems, was one of the 'elected,' but whether he was 'deterred from accepting the appointment because of the partizan character of the transaction' that made him a delegate, or because as he says, 'I only of all my brethren who thought WITH ME,' was 'elected, and that by a comparatively small majority,' I shall leave the reader to decide.

There was but one other 'declinature,' and whether he was 'deterred from accepting the appointment because of the partizan character of the transaction' of his election, may be inferred from the fact that he was not present at an Anti-Slavery meeting of the preachers during the session. If he had been a very strong 'partizan' he certainly would have been out at one or more of the 'partizan' meetings.

But as this gentleman has not given the public his reasons for his 'declinature,' I will not, as the New York Committee have done, undertake to give them for him; but will wait to see them stated by himself; for if I do not greatly mistake the man, they will be forth coming.

With the above remarks on this charge I am perfectly willing to leave it with the candid to say, whether it convicts us as 'partisans,' or the New York Committee of jealousy and misrepresentation.

OLD ITINERANT.

READING, November 3, 1835.

At a meeting of the Reading Anti-Slavery Society, the following Resolutions were passed unanimously:—

Resolved, That we regard with astonishment, shame and indignation, the conduct of the professedly 'respectable' mob, which recently, in the face of day, disturbed the peace of Boston, violated the rights of private property, trampled on the laws of the land, and set at defiance the authority of the magistracy, and in so doing, deeply disgraced 'the city, and put into the mouths of tyrants and their apologists, another argument against republican institutions.

Resolved, That upon a portion of the newspaper press of Boston, is justly chargeable the guilt of exciting the mob, and that those papers which instigated the riotous proceedings of that lawless assemblage, are utterly unworthy of patronage, and deserve the severest reprehension as dangerous enemies of the country.

Resolved, That we cannot but regret and condemn the course pursued towards the cause of human rights, and the faithful advocates of the cause, by papers professedly religious, and that especially, the sophistry, jesuitism, and subtle, unjust insinuations of the Boston Recorder, and the virtual palliation of the mob by the Christian Watchman, demand the strong and unequivocal expression of disapprobation from every friend of justice, humanity and law.

Resolved, That while we deeply sympathize with our persecuted, abused and slandered brethren, Garrison and Thompson, we feel that rightly considered, it is rather a joyful than a sorrowing sympathy, for blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness sake.

Resolved, That we cordially approve the suggestion of the 'Reformer,' to call a meeting in Faneuil Hall, of all those who are really in favor of the supremacy of the law, for the purpose of expressing their indignation at the late outrage upon the public peace.

Resolved, That we highly approve the resolutions adopted by the Middlesex Anti-Slavery Society at their annual meeting, held at Acton, October 6th.

Resolved, That the above resolutions be published in the Liberator and New-England Spectator.

JESSE FROST, Secretary.

LETTER FROM MR. THOMPSON TO MR. GARRISON.

THURSDAY EVENING,
October 22, 1835.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND—

and fellow laborer in the cause of freedom for two millions two hundred and fifty thousand American slaves:

Since despatching the few hasty lines which I wrote you on receipt of the news of yesterday's proceedings in Boston, I have yielded to a strong impulse to address you a longer communication, more fully expressive of the views and feelings with which the signs of the times have inspired me. I despair, however, of finding words to express adequately the deep sympathy I cherish with you in the midst of your trials and persecutions, and the feelings of my soul as I contemplate passing events, and follow out to its ultimate results, the headlong wickedness of this generation. Surely we can enter somewhat into the experience of the lamenting prophet when he exclaimed:—'Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the sins of this people.'

How unutterably affecting is a view of the present aspect of the country! The enslavement of the colored population seems to be but one of a hideous host of evils, threatening, in their combined influence, the overthrow of the fairest prospects of this wide republic. Of the abolition of slavery I feel certain. Its doom is sealed. I read it in the holy and inflexible resolves of thousands who are coming up to the contest with the spirit of martyrs, and in the strength, and under the leadership of Jehovah. I read it in the blind fury and unmitigated malignity of Southern tyrants and their Northern participants in crime. I read it in the gathering frown, and bursting indignation of Christendom. The consummation of our hopes draws nigh. The times are pregnant with great events. America must witness another revolution, and the second will be far more illustrious in its character and results than the first. The second will be a moral revolution. A struggle for higher, holier, more catholic, more patriotic principles: and the weapons of our warfare will not be carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds. During the progress of this latter revolution will be witnessed the advent of 'LIBERTY,' in the true sense of that now much abused and perverted name.

'O spring to light, auspicious babe, be born!'

While, however, I have no fears respecting the ultimate effectuation of the object so dear to our hearts, I have many fears for the perpetuity of this nation as a Republic—for the continuance of these States as a Union—for the existence of that Constitution, which, properly respected and maintained, would bless the country and the world. These fears do not arise from any tendency to such results in the principles of abolition in themselves considered. Those principles are conservative of the peace, and happiness, and security of the nation; and, if voluntarily acted upon, would heal many of the feuds and animosities which have endangered the integrity of the Union. My fears are founded upon the symptoms every where exhibited, of an approach to mob-supremacy, and consequent anarchy. In every direction I see the minority prostrate before the majority; who, despite of law, the constitution, and natural equity, put their heel upon the neck of the weaker portion, and perpetrate every enormity in the name of 'public opinion.' 'PUBLIC OPINION' is at this hour the demon of oppression—harnessing to the ploughshare of ruin, the ignorant and interested opposers of the Truth in every section of this heaven-favored, but mob-cursed land. Already the Constitution lies prostrate—an insulted, wounded, impotent form. A thousand hands are daily uplifted to send assassin daggers to its heart. Look on the pages of the daily press, and say, if traitors to Liberty and the Constitution are not sedulously schooling a hood-winked multitude to commit a suicidal act upon their own boasted freedom? Count (if they can be counted) the disturbances occurring all over the land, and say, is not mob-supremacy the order of the day? Where is the freedom of speech? where the right of association? where the security of national conveyances? where the inviolability of personal liberty? where the sanctity of the domestic circle? where the protection of property? where the prerogatives of the judge? where the trial by jury? Gone, or fast disappearing. The minority in every place speak, and write, and meet, and walk, at the peril of their lives. I speak not now exclusively of the Anti-Slavery mania which has more recently displayed itself with all its froth and foam and thirst for spoliation and blood. I have in mind the anti-Mormonism of Missouri, and its accompanying heart-rending persecutions—the Anti-Anti-Masonic fury, with the ABDUCTION OF MORGAN, and its other grim features of destruction and death—the burning zeal of Anti-Temperance, with its bonfires and effigies, and its innumerable assaults upon persons and property—the Anti-Gambling, and Anti-Insurrection tragedies of southern States, with their awful waste of human life, and the frequent sacrifice of the blood of INNOCENT VICTIMS—but time would fail to tell of Anti-Whig, and Anti-Jackson, and Anti-Convent, and Anti-Bank, and Anti-Kean, and Anti-Anderson, and Anti-Graham, and Anti-Joel Parker, and Anti-Cheever, and Anti-Colored School, and Anti-House-of-Ill-fame riots, with all the other Anti-men and Anti-women, Anti-black, and Anti-red, and Anti-meat, and Anti-drink riots, and mobs, and persecutions, which have distinguished this age and land of Revivals, and Missions, and Bible Societies, and Educational operations, and Liberty, and Independence, and Equality. Suffice it to say, that for some years past, all who have dared to act, or think aloud, in opposition to the will of the majority, have held their property and being dependent on the clemency of A MOB. Were I a citizen of this country, and did there seem no escape from such a dreadful state of things—if I did not, on behalf of the righteous and consistent, (for thank God! there are thousands of such, who cease not day nor night to weep and pray for their country,) hope and believe for brighter days and better deeds, I should choose to

own the dominion of the darkest despot that ever sealed the lip of truth, or made the soul of a slave tremble at his glance. If I must be a slave—if my lips must wear a padlock—if I must crouch and crawl—let it be before a hereditary tyrant. Let me see around me the symbols of royalty, the bayonets of a standing army, the frowning battlements of a bastille. Let me breathe the air of a country where the divine right of Kings to govern wrong is acknowledged and respected. Let me know what is the sovereign will and pleasure of the one man I am taught to fear and serve. Let me not see my rights, and property, and liberties, scattered to the same breeze that floats the flag of freedom. Let me not be sacrificed to the demon of despotism while laying hold upon the horns of our altar dedicated to 'FREEDOM and EQUALITY!' I hope, however, for the best. I trust to see the people saved from their infatuation and madness. I look very much to the spread of Anti-Slavery principles for the salvation of the country, for they are the principles of righteous government—they are a foundation for order, and peace, and just laws, and equitable administration; and those who embrace them, will be likely to act wisely and righteously upon other great questions.

A MOB IN BOSTON!! and such a mob!!! Thirty ladies completely routed, and a board 6 feet by 2 utterly demolished by 3000 or 4000 respectable ruffians—in broad day-light, and broad-cloth! Glorious achievement! and, as it deserved to be—regularly Gazetted. Indeed, this noble army of gentlemanly savages had all the customary adjuncts of civilized warfare. There were 'Posts,' and 'Sentinels,' and 'Couriers,' and 'Gazettes,' and a 'HOMER' too to celebrate their praise! A mob in Boston! The birth-place of the revolution—the Cradle of Liberty! A mob in Washington (!) Street, Boston, TO PUT DOWN FREE DISCUSSION!!

'Hung be the heavens with black!'

Shrouded in midnight be the height of Bunker. Let the bells of the Old South and Brattle Street be muffled, and let the knell of the country's boasted honor and liberty be rung. Ye hoary veterans of the revolution! Clothe yourselves in sack-cloth! strew ashes on your heads, and mourn your country's downfall!

'For what is left the patriot here!

'For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.'

Would that you had died, ere the sad truth was demonstrated, that you fought and bled in vain!

A mob in Boston! O tell it not in St. Petersburg: publish it not in the streets of Constantinople. But it will be told; it will be published. The damning fact will ring through all the haunts of despotism, and will be a cordial to the heart of Metternich—sweet music in the ears of the haughty Czar, and a prophetic note of triumph to the sovereign Pontiff. What American lip will henceforth dare to breathe a sentence of condemnation against the bulls of the Pope, or the edicts of the Autocrat? Should a tongue wag in affected sympathy for the denationalized Pole, the outlawed Greek, the wretched Serf, or any of the priest-ridden or king-ridden victims of Europe, will not a voice come thundering over the billows:—

'Base hypocrites! let your charity begin at home—look at your own Carolinas—go, pour the balm of consolation into the broken hearts of your two millions of enslaved children—rebuke the murderers of Vicksburg—reckon with the felons of Charleston—restore the contents of rifled mailbags—heal the lacerations, still festering, on the ploughed backs of your own citizens—dissolve the star chambers of Virginia—tell the confederated assassins of Alabama and Mississippi to disband—call to judgment the barbarians of Baltimore, and Philadelphia, and New-York, and Concord, and Haverhill, and Lynn, and Montpelier; and the well-drest mobocrats of Utica, and SALEM, and BOSTON. Go, ye praters about the soul-destroying ignorance of Romanism, gather again the scattered schools of Canterbury and Canaan—get the clerical minions of Southern task-masters to rescind their 'Resolutions' of withholding knowledge from immortal Americans—rend the veil of legal enactments by which the beams of light divine are hidden from millions who are left to grope their way through darkness here, to everlasting blackness beyond the grave. Go, shed your 'patriotic' tears over the infamy of your country amidst the ruins of yonder Convent. Go, proud and sentimental Bostonians, preach clemency to the respectable horde who are dragging forth for immolation one of your own citizens. Cease your anathemas against the Vatican, and screw your courage up to resist the worse than papal bulls of Georgia, demanding, at the peril of your 'bread and butter,' the 'HEADS' of your citizens, and the passage of gag-laws. Before you rail at arbitrary power in FOREIGN regions, save your own citizens from the felonious interception of their correspondence; and teach the sworn and paid servants of the Republic, the obligations of an oath, and the guaranteed rights of a free people. Send not your banners to Poland, but tear them into shreds to be distributed to the mob, as halts for your sons. When, next July, you rail at mitres, and croziers, and sceptres; and denounce the bowstring, and the bayonet, and the faggot, let your halls be decorated with plaited scourges, wet with the blood of the sons of the Pilgrims—let the tar cauldron smoke—the gibbet rear aloft its head—and CATS and BLOOD-HOUNDS,* (the brute auxiliaries of Southern Liberty men) howl and bark in unison with the demoniacal ravings of a 'gentlemanly mob'—while above the Orator of the day, and beneath the striped and starry banner, stand forth in characters of blood, the distinctive mottoes of the age:

DOWN WITH DISCUSSION.
LYNCH LAW TRIUMPHANT.
SLAVERY FOREVER.
HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Before you weep over the wrongs of Greece, gash the gore out of your national shambles—ap-pense the frantic mother robbed of her only child the centre of her hopes, and joys, and sympathy—restore to you desolate husband the wife of his bosom—abolish the slave markets of Alexandria—the human flesh auctions of Richmond and New-

Orleans—'undo the heavy burdens,' 'break every yoke,' and stand forth to the gaze of the world—not steeped in infamy and rank with blood, but in the posture of penitence and prayer, a FREE and REGENERATED nation.'

Such, truly, are the bitter reproaches with which every breeze from a distant land might be justly freighted. How long?—In the name of outraged humanity, I ask, how long shall they be deserved? Are the people greedy of a world's execration? or have they any sense of shame—any blush of patriotism left? Each day the flagrant inconsistency and gross wickedness of the nation are becoming more widely and correctly known. Already on foreign shores the lovers of corruption and despotism are referring with exultation to the recent bloody dramas in the South, and the pro-slavery meetings and mobs of the country generally, in proof of the 'dangerous tendency of democratic principles.' How long shall the deeds of America clog the wheels of the car of Universal Freedom? Vain is every boast—acts speak louder than words. While

'Columbia's sons are bought and sold;

while citizens of America are murdered without trial—while person and property are at the mercy of a mob—while city authorities are obliged to make concessions to a bloody minded multitude, and finally incarcerate unoffending citizens to save them from a violent death—while 'gentlemen of standing and property' are in unholy league to effect the abduction and destruction of a 'foreigner,' the head and front of whose offending is, that he is laboring to save the country from its worst foe—while assemblages of highly respectable citizens, comprising large numbers of the clergy, and some of the judges of the land, are interrupted and broke up, and the houses of God in which they met, attacked in open day by thousands of men armed with all the implements of demolition—while the entire south presents one great scene of slavery and slaughter—and while the north deeply sympathize with their 'southern brethren,' sanction their deeds of felony and murder, and obsequiously do their bidding by hunting down their own fellow citizens who dare to plead for equal rights—and, finally, while hundreds of the ministers of Christ, of every denomination, are making common cause with the plunderer of his species—yea, themselves reduce God's image to the level of the brute, and glory in their shame—I say, while these things exist, professions and boasts are 'sounding brass;' men will learn to loathe the name of Republicanism, and deem it synonymous with mob despotism, and the foulest oppression on the face of the globe.

A word to the opposers of the cause of emancipation. You must stop in your career of persecution, or proceed to still darker deeds—and wider desolations. At present, you have done nothing but help us. You have, it is true, made a sincere, though impotent attempt to please your masters at the south. The abolitionists have risen after every attempt to crush them, with greater energy and in greater numbers. They are still speaking; they are still writing; still praying; still weeping, (not over their sufferings, but your sins)—they are working in public and in private, by day and by night—they are sustained by principles you do not (because you will not) understand—principles drawn pure from the throne of God—they have meant to eat which you know not of, and live, and are nourished, and are strong, while you wonder that they do not wither under your frown, and fall into annihilation before the thunderbolts of your wrath. Some of you have conversed with them. What think you of the abolitionists? of their moral courage—their tact in argument—their knowledge of the scriptures—their interpretation of the constitution? Have you found them ignorant? Have you found them weak? Have you not often been driven to your wit's end by the probing questions or ready answers of those silly and deluded women and children? How then do you expect to conquer? If finally by the sword, why delay? Commence the work of butchery to-day. Every hour procrastinate, witnesses an increase of your victims—a defection from your ranks, and an augmentation in numbers and influence of those you wish to destroy. You profess to be republicans. Have you ever asked yourselves what you are doing for the principles you profess to revere? In the name of sacred Liberty, I call upon you to pause. I conjure you,

'By every hallowed name,

That ever led your sires to fame:—

pause, and see whether your present deeds are tending. Be honest—be just—just to yourselves, just to us, before you condemn us, still more, before you seek to destroy us. 'Search us, and know our hearts; try us and know our thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in us.' Condemn us not unheard. 'Strike, but hear.' Remember, too, that your violence will effect nothing while the liberty of the press remains. While the principles and opinions of abolitionists, as promulgated in their journals, are carried on the wings of the wind over sea and land, you do but give a wider circulation to those principles and opinions by your acts of violence and blood. You awaken the desire—the determination to know and understand what 'these babblers say.' Be prepared, therefore, to violate the constitution by annihilating the Liberty of the Press.

In this place it may not be inappropriate to introduce a passage from an able letter, recently addressed by the eloquent M. de Chateaubriand to the French Chamber of Deputies, while that body were advocating the recent law for imposing severe restrictions on the French press:

'I could, (says he) if I wished, crush you under the weight of your origin, and show you to be faithless to yourselves, to your past actions and language. But I spare you the reproaches which the whole world heap upon you. I call not upon you to give an account of the oaths you have taken. I will merely tell you that you have not arrived at the end of your task, and that in the perilous career you have entered upon—following the example of other governments which have met with destruction—you must go on till you arrive at the abyss. You have done nothing till you establish the censorship; nothing but that, can be efficacious against the liberty of the press. A violent law may kill the man, but the censorship alone kills the idea, and this latter it is which ruins your

system. Be prepared, then, to establish the censorship, and be assured that on the day on which you do establish it, you will perish.'

In concluding this lengthened communication, let me exhort you, my beloved brother, to 'be of good cheer,' and to exercise unwavering confidence in the God you serve—the God of Jacob, and of Elijah, and of Daniel—of all who, with singleness, prefer the faithful discharge of duty, and its consequences, to the suggestions of expediency, and the favor of the world. He is able to deliver you in the hour of peril, and give you the victory over all your enemies. To Him resort for refuge. He will be a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. To all, who with you are waging this holy war, I would say:—Let not passing events move you. The turbulence and malignity of your opponents prove the potency and purity of your cause. But yesterday the abolitionists were esteemed few, mean, silly, and contemptible. Now they are of sufficient importance to arouse and fix the attention of the entire country, and earth and hell are ransacked for weapons and recruits, with which to fight the ignorant, imbecile, superannated and besotted believers in the doctrines of immediate emancipation. This is a good sign. An unequivocal compliment to the divinity of your principles. 'Ye are not of the world, therefore, the world hateth you. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.' Let your motto be 'ONWARDS!' You have already accomplished much. You have awakened the country from its guilty slumber. You can reckon up three hundred Auxiliary Associations, embracing a large portion of the effective moral energy of the land. The churches of the North are taking right ground upon the question. The principles of abolition are diffused through most of the seminaries of learning. The females of America are nobly devoting themselves to this work of mercy, regardless of the malignity of their heartless and unmanly persecutors. Onwards, therefore! A few years will witness an entire change in the sentiments of the American people, and those who are now drawn up in opposition to your philanthropic movement, will blush to acknowledge the dishonorable part they have enacted. A voice from the other side of the Atlantic, says, Onwards! You are supported by the prayers and sympathies of Great Britain. The abolitionists of the British empire are with you. They are the friends of the peace, happiness and glory of your country, and earnestly desire the arrival of the day, when, having achieved a victory over Slavery in this continent, you will join them in efforts for its abolition throughout the world. While you pray fervently for strength in the day of conflict, pray also for grace to bear yourselves with meekness and charity towards those who oppose you. Pursue your holy object in the Spirit of Christ, 'giving no offence in any thing, that the (cause) be not (justly) blamed, but in all things approving yourselves as the servants of God, in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labors, in watchings, in fastings; by purity, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report, as deceivers, and yet true; as unknown, and yet well known; as dying, and behold you live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things.'

Your affectionate friend,

and devoted fellow-laborer,

GEORGE THOMPSON.

* See the accounts in Southern newspapers of 'a curious mode of punishment' recently introduced, called 'CAT-HAULING.' The Victim is stretched upon his face, and a cat, thrown upon his bare shoulders, is dragged to the bottom of the back. This is continued till the body is 'completely lacerated.'

The Vicksburg (Miss.) Register says, that Mr. Earl, one of the victims of mobocracy in Mississippi, was tortured a whole night to elicit confession. The brutal and hellish tormentors laid Mr. Earl upon his back, and drew a cat tail foremost across his body!!! He hung himself soon after in jail.

See also the accounts of the Mississippi murders given by a correspondent in the Charleston Courier, dated his letter Tyger (how appropriate!) Bayou, Madison County, Miss. The following is an extract: 'Andrew Boyd, a conspirator, was required by the Committee of Safety, and Mr. Dickson. Hiram Reynolds and Hiram Perkins (since killed) were ordered to arrest him. They discovered he was flying, and immediately commenced the pursuit, with a pack of TRAINED HOUNDS. He miraculously effected his deliverance from his pursuers, after swimming Big Black River, and running through cane-brakes and swamps until night fall, when the party called off THE DOGS. Early next morning they renewed the chase, and started Boyd one mile from whence they had called off the dogs. But he effected his escape on horse (fortune throwing him in his way.) THE HOUNDS not being accustomed to that training after he quit the bush.'

BOSTON:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1834.

Triumph of Mobocracy in Boston—Prostration of the Civil Power—Suppression of the Liberty of Speech—Ruffianism of the Press—Public Insult to Female Benevolence and Piety—A Citizen, guilty of crime, ignominiously dragged through the streets, and for self-preservation committed to jail, and finally obliged to leave the city to save his life—&c. &c.

I shall give, as far as I am capable, an exact and faithful account of the ruthless disturbance which took place in Boston on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21st, and by which this city was suddenly transformed into an infuriated pandemonium. It is the most disgraceful event that has ever marred the character of Bostonians, whether reference be made to the time of its occurrence, or to the cause which was assailed, or to those who stood obnoxious to violent treatment. The recent pro-slavery meeting in Faneuil Hall supported the theory of despotism, and the tumultuous assembly of Wednesday carried it into practice—trampling all law and order, the constitution and personal liberty, public decorum and private decency, common humanity and christian courtesy, into the dust. The light of day did not cause

a blush, nor the certainty of exposure restrain from indecent and barbarous behavior, nor profession or station deter 'respectable, wealthy and influential citizens' from enacting the part of ruffians and anarchists. All distinctions (excepting that of color, to the honor of the BLACK MAN be it recorded) were blended, for the purpose of gagging the advocates of freedom, and infusing new strength into the arm of the remorseless scourger of Woman at the South. The merchant—the aristocrat—the wealthy and the learned—the 'respectable' and the 'influential'—the professor and the profane—all were huddled together in thick and formidable array, with every variety of feeling, but with one prevalent design, namely, to insult, annoy and disperse the Female Anti-Slavery meeting, (brave, gentlemanly, chivalric men!) and to tar-and-feather, or put to death, GEORGE THOMPSON or myself! Was it not a sublime spectacle to behold four or five thousand great ruffians courageously assembling together, to achieve so hazardous and glorious an exploit as the putting to flight one man and thirty defenceless females?

As the scenes of the last week are historically connected with those of the present, it is necessary to recapitulate them, in order that the beginning and the end of the late tumult may be seen at a glance by the reader, and that Boston, the boasted cradle of liberty, may obtain every particle of that infamous renown which she so dearly earned, and of which she seems so insanely covetous.

The Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society has been in operation about three years, humbly aiding with its prayers and limited means the cause of bleeding humanity, and gradually increasing both in number and efficiency. Its members are industrious, estimable, intellectual and devout women, the ornaments of the Christian church, patterns of moral and social excellence, and exemplary mothers, wives and daughters. He who sneers at them, knowing their true character, must be destitute of honor, virtue and benevolence; and he who aims to suppress their association must first drag them to the stake, and consume them to ashes, before he can succeed. They are worthy to be ranked with the females of Great Britain, to whose untiring efforts EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND slaves in the British Colonies are mainly indebted for their emancipation—and what higher praise need be given? Hear what the great Irish champion of freedom—the fearless and eloquent O'Connell—said, in relation to the merits of these women, in his sublime and spirit-stirring speech, delivered in Exeter Hall, London, July 13, 1833:

'I have, however, moments of exquisite delight. I remember that 1,500,000 of the people of this country have joined in petitioning Parliament, for the total and immediate abolition of slavery. (Cheers.) Oh, blessings upon them! Every age, every station, every sex, has united in these petitions—THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND HAVE LED THE WAY: and under the banners of the maid and matrons of England, proud must that individual be who shall have an opportunity of telling them, "At your command we have done our duty, and SLAVERY IS AT AN END!" (Cheers.) A ruffian in this country taunted the females who signed the petitions, by calling them the Dorothys and Tabithas, and Priscillas. I stigmatized him as a ruffian, in my place in Parliament; and I stigmatize him as such here. (Loud cheers.) It is pleasant to see this unanimity—to see every religious persuasion joining to insist that this black stain shall be taken out of the banner of England, and that it shall no longer be tarnished with blood, and that liberty shall be indigenous to our soil. (Cheers.)'

The constitutional period for holding the annual meeting of the Society occurred last week; and, accordingly, the Secretary gave public notice that the meeting would be held on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 14, at Congress Hall, and that an address would be delivered on the occasion by GEORGE THOMPSON, at the request of the Society. It did not occur to the members, (but, surely, their forgetfulness is a pardonable offence,) that they were not competent to conduct their own business, or to choose a speaker to address them, without suitable instructions from the upholders of southern slavery; and that they were solemnly bound to inquire of the editorial creatures who manage the Commercial Gazette, and Atlas, and Courier, and Centinel,—when where, and how to assemble, and whom to invite to be present, and the proper manner of conducting their meeting. They felt perfectly able to transact all the business of the Society, independent of the assistance of profligate and impudent intermeddlers; nor could they readily believe that any thing in the shape of a man could be so lost to shame, or so great a dastard, as to assail their meeting in broad daylight, or threaten the personal safety of any of their number.

It was summarily stated in the Liberator of last week, that the reading of their notice from some of the pulpits on the preceding Sabbath, excited the amiable fury and holy horror of many a hyperbolic and pharisee—of those who take title of mint, anise and cummin, and neglect the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith—in the various congregations—that the Commercial Gazette, Courier, and Centinel, of Tuesday, put forth violent and seditious articles respecting the meeting, for the purpose of inflaming the worst passions of a slavery-loving community against it;—that, in consequence of the furious tone of these papers, and the alarming symptoms of a riot, the lessee of Congress Hall felt it to be his duty, as the only chance of preserving his property from destruction, publicly to forbid the Society occupying the hall;—that, being thus unexpectedly deprived of a place in which to assemble, the Society advertised in the morning papers of Wednesday, that the meeting was necessarily postponed until further notice; that, notwithstanding their advertisement, a crowd of "respectable and well-dressed" disturbers of the public peace gathered tumultuously around the hall, vainly hoping to seize Mr. Thompson, that they might vent their murderous spite upon his person;—that, being falsely told that the Society was holding its meeting at Ritchie Hall, thither they rushed with frantic joy, and finding a meeting of the Ladies' Moral Reform Society convened together in the hall, they behaved so infamously as to cause its dispersion;—that, in the sequel, the Mayor made his appearance, and succeeded in causing the riotous "gentlemen of respectability and influence" to withdraw, by assuring them that the object of their hatred was not in the city—&c. &c.

This unmanly, impertinent and anomalous procedure failed to intimidate the members of the Female Anti-Slavery Society, or to convince them that they ought not to hold their annual meeting, agreeably to the precept of their Constitution. They were made of sterner stuff, and had too clear an apprehension of the duty which they owed to God, their country, and the perishing slaves, to be driven from a lawful and holy purpose by an irruption of Goths and Vandals upon their assembly. To retreat, under such circumstances, would savor of apostasy from

* The Female Anti-Slavery Society is composed of nearly THREE HUNDRED females. The hall would have been filled by the ladies, if the mob had not forcibly kept them out.

the cross of Christ; and to be passive, would seem to argue an imbecility of mind, a lack of Christian faith, or a sacrifice of principle. They were not requested, by their shameless assailants, to postpone or suspend their meeting for a limited time, on the score of expediency; but they were virtually commanded to desist, at once and forever, on the ground of brutal authority, from their Christ-like design to bind up the broken-hearted, to open the prison-doors, and to set the captive free. They were threatened as slaves, not kindly advised as equals. They had no other alternative, therefore, than to move steadily onward to the regular discharge of their duty, or to be branded as recreants to a cause which they had pledged to support, under all circumstances, and through all perils. Accordingly, they gave public information to the ladies of Boston, that their meeting would be held in the Anti-Slavery Hall, 46, Washington-street, on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21, at 3 o'clock, and that several addresses might be expected on the occasion. It was not advertised that Mr. Thompson would attend, nor was his presence deemed to be essential or expedient, either by himself or the Society. He therefore left the city on Tuesday, that there might be no pretext for causing an interruption of the meeting on the ensuing day. The aspect of things looked tranquil until Wednesday morning, when inflammatory articles appeared in some of the daily papers, and it was stated that several store-keepers, in the immediate vicinity of the hall, had petitioned the Mayor and Aldermen to suppress the meeting, as it might endanger their property by causing a riot! Yes, to accommodate their selfishness, they desired that the liberty of speech, and the right to assemble in an associated capacity peacefully together, might be unlawfully and forcibly taken away from an estimable portion of the community, by the officers of our city—the humble servants of the people! Benedict Arnold's treachery to the cause of liberty and his bleeding country was no worse than this. As properly might they have petitioned for leave to slaughter every man who should venture to maintain the exploded doctrine, that all men are created equal—such sordid men would sell their country for less than thirty pieces of silver, under favorable circumstances. If they felt that the safety of their goods would be endangered by the contemplated meeting, or, rather, by the ruffians who had conspired to break it up—they had an unquestionable right to warn the city authorities of the fact, and to demand adequate protection, but not to ask for the suppression of a benevolent and lawful meeting. Of course, however much inclined they might have been, in spirit, to comply with so daring a request,—the Mayor and Aldermen comprehended the limitation of their authority too well, and had too much respect even for the equivocal patriotism of the people, to interpose their authority. A seditious and blood-thirsty placard,—printed, I presume, at the office of the Commercial Gazette,—was circulated through the city, stating that "the infamous foreign scoundrel, Thompson," would hold forth in the Anti-Slavery Hall, in the afternoon; that "the present was a fair opportunity for the friends of the Union to make him out"; and that "a purse of \$100 had been raised by a number of patriotic citizens to reward the individual who should first lay violent hands upon him, so that he might be brought to the gallows before dark." In consequence of the inflammatory state of the public mind, the Mayor sent a deputy to the Anti-Slavery Office, to ascertain whether Mr. Thompson contemplated addressing the meeting; for, if he did not, the Mayor wished to be enabled to apprise the multitude of the fact, and thus induce them promptly to retire,—or, if he did, the Mayor was anxious seasonably to enrol an efficient constabulary force to protect the meeting and preserve order. As this information was asked, not as a matter of right, but seemingly with just intentions, I sent word to the Mayor that the Female Anti-Slavery Society could not feel obligated, at any man's bidding, either to suppress or to publish the names of those whom it had invited to speak in the afternoon; but, as I trusted that his request was made in the spirit of kindness, and not of impudence or domination, I felt not only willing but desirous to inform him, that Mr. Thompson was not in the city, nor would he be present at the meeting, and that he might make proclamation to that effect to all who should assemble for riotous purposes.

As the meeting was to commence at 3 o'clock, P. M. I went to the hall about twenty minutes before that time. Perhaps a hundred individuals had already gathered around the street door and opposite the building, and their number was rapidly augmenting. On ascending into the hall, I found about fifty or twenty ladies assembled, sitting with cheerful countenances, and a crowd of noisy intruders (mostly young men) gazing upon them, through whom I urged my way with considerable difficulty. "That's Garrison," was the exclamation of some of these creatures, as I quietly took my seat. Perceiving that they had no intention of retiring, I went to them and calmly said—"Gentlemen, perhaps you are not aware that this is a meeting of the Boston Female Anti-Slavery Society, called and intended exclusively for ladies, and those only who have been invited to address them. Understanding this fact, you will not be so rude or indecorous as to thrust your presence upon this meeting. If, gentlemen," I pleasantly continued, "any of you are ladies—indeed, why, only apprise me of the fact, give me your names, and I will introduce you to the rest of your sex, and you can take seats among them accordingly." I then sat down, and, for a few moments, their conduct was more orderly. However, the stair-way and upper door of the hall were soon densely filled with a brazen-faced crew, whose behavior grew more and more indecent and outrageous. Perceiving that it would be impracticable for me, or any other person, to address the ladies; and believing, as I was the only male abolitionist in the hall, that my presence would serve as a pretext for the mob to annoy the meeting, I held a short colloquy with the excellent President of the Society, telling her that I would withdraw, unless she particularly desired me to stay. It was her earnest wish that I would retire, as well for my own safety as for the peace of the meeting. She assured me that the Society would resolutely but calmly proceed to the transaction of its business, and leave the issue with God. I left the hall accordingly, and would have left the building, if the stair-case had not been crowded to excess. This being impracticable, I retired into the Anti-Slavery Office, (which is separated from the hall by a board-partition,) accompanied by my friend Mr. Charles C. Burleigh. It was deemed prudent to lock the door, to prevent the mob from rushing in and destroying our publications.

In the mean time, the crowd in the street had augmented from a hundred to thousands. The cry was for "Thompson! Thompson!"—but the Mayor

had now arrived, and, addressing the rioters, he assured them that Mr. Thompson was not in the city, and besought them to disperse. As well might he have attempted to propitiate a troop of ravenous wolves. None went away—but the tumult continued momentarily to increase. It was apparent, therefore, that the hostility of the throng was not concentrated upon Mr. Thompson, but that it was as deadly against the Society and the Anti-Slavery cause.—This fact is worthy of special note—for it incontrovertibly proves that the object of the "respectable and influential" rioters was to put down the cause of emancipation, and that Mr. Thompson furnished merely a pretext for five thousand "gentlemen" to mob thirty christian women! Let not any, therefore, who are disposed to be friendly to our cause, suppose that Mr. Thompson is the chief, or even the slightest obstacle in the way of its triumph, or that his departure would bring popularity and repose to the abolitionists. Is James G. Birney, or Theodore D. Weld, or William Jay, or Arthur Tappan, or Rev. Dr. Beman, treated more tenderly than George Thompson by the enemies of liberty? No. Their grand design, then, is not simply to drive an English philanthropist from our shores, but to maltreat, gag and enslave AMERICAN, NATIVE-BORN CITIZENS! The struggle is between Right and Wrong—Liberty and Slavery—Christianity and Atheism—Northern Freemen and Southern Taskmasters. The great question to be settled is not whether 2,500,000 slaves in our land shall be either immediately or gradually emancipated—or whether they shall be colonized abroad or retained in our midst—for that is now a subordinate point; but whether freedom is with us—THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES—a reality or a mockery; whether the liberty of speech and of the press, purchased with the toils and sufferings and precious blood of our fathers, is still to be enjoyed, unquestioned and complete—or whether padlocks are to be put upon our lips, gags into our mouths, and shackles upon that great palladium of human rights, the press; whether the descendants of the pilgrim fathers, the sons of those who fell upon Bunker Hill and upon the plains of Lexington and Concord, are to fashion their thoughts and opinions, and to speak or be dumb, and to walk freely or with a chain upon their spirit, and to stand upright or to crouch the knee, and to obey Jehovah or worship Mammon, at the bidding of southern slave-drivers and oppressors; whether the Constitution is to hold the broad banner of its protection over the head of the humblest citizen, or whether it is a piece of worthless parchment, a mere counterfeit note of the Bank of Liberty; whether the truths of the Declaration of Independence are still to be acknowledged as "self-evident," and valuable beyond all price, or whether they are to be regarded as ingenious fictions and mere "rhetorical flourishes"; whether Equity, and Law, and Public Order are to be enforced, irrespective of political or religious opinions—or whether Jacobinism, Anarchy and Confusion are to reign in our midst, to the prostration of all that makes life a blessing and society desirable; whether citizens, guiltless of crime, are to walk without molestation, and to repose without danger, and to assemble together without hindrance—or whether they are to be seized with impunity by lawless ruffians, dragged ignominiously through the streets, thrust into prison, and forced to fly from the emendations of home, for self-preservation; whether, in short, we have a country—a free country—in deed and in truth—or whether we are living under a despotism more intolerable than Greece or Poland ever felt, and as bloody and atheistical as was that of Robespierre. It is not whether an Englishman has a right to rebuke us for our sins to our face, or whether his character is good or bad, or whether he is supported by the females of Glasgow or the British government. No—no. It is a question of life and death to this nation—of christian freedom and abject bondage—that we have now to decide. I rejoice, and thank God, that it assumes such a shape, and is presented at such a crisis. The people—blinded and misled for a time—will in the end see and decide aright. Wo, then, to their deceivers! A tide of indignation shall sweep them from the high places of power, and sink them into the lowest depths of infamy, with Pharaoh and his hosts. NEW-ENGLAND will settle this question—for herself, the nation, and the world. Ere long, I have faith to believe—

"From her Green Mountains to the Sea,
One voice shall thunder—We are free!"

But even if the sun of our own liberty has set forever, still, this great question can never be settled in the negative, so long as a single abolitionist is left alive upon her soil. Slaughter-houses must be erected in every town and village, and the scenes of the French revolution be re-enacted—and men and women, and children even, put to death by human butchers, until the earth be drunk with blood, and the slain cease to find a covering for their mutilated bodies. The victims are ready to be sacrificed—throughout the Commonwealth, and all over the land—a noble company of martyrs! Is Boston prepared to commence the work of extermination?

But to return from this episode. Notwithstanding the presence and frantic behaviour of the rioters in the hall, the meeting of the Society was regularly called to order by the President. She then read a select and an exceedingly appropriate portion of scripture, and offered up a fervent prayer to God for direction and succor, and the forgiveness of enemies and revilers. It was an awful, sublime and soul-thrilling scene—enough, one would suppose, to melt adamant hearts, and make even fiends of darkness stagger and retreat. Indeed, the clear, untremulous tone of voice of that christian heroine in prayer, occasionally averted the ruffians into silence, and was heard distinctly even in the midst of their hisses, threats and curses—for they could not long silently endure the agony of conviction, and their conduct became furious. They now attempted to break down the partition, and partially succeeded—but the little band of females still maintained their ground unshrinkingly, and continued to transact their business.

An assault was now made upon the door of the office, the lower panel of which was instantly dashed to pieces. Stopping down, and glazing upon me as I sat at the desk, writing an account of the riot to a distant friend, the ruffians cried out—"There he is! That's Garrison! Out with the scoundrel!" &c. &c. Turning to Mr. Burleigh I said—"You may as well open the door, and let them come in and do their worst." But he, with great presence of mind, went out, locked the door, put the key into his pocket, and by his admirable firmness succeeded in keeping the office safe.

Two or three constables having cleared the hall and stair-case of the mob, the Mayor came in and ordered the ladies to desist, assuring them that they could not any longer guarantee protection, if they did not take immediate advantage of the opportunity

to retire from the building. Accordingly they adjourned, to meet at the house of one of their number, for the completion of their business; but as they passed through the crowd, they were greeted with taunts, hisses, and cheers of mobocratic triumph, from "gentlemen of property and standing from all parts of the city." Even their absence did not diminish the throng. Thompson was not there—the ladies were not there—but "Garrison is there!" was the cry. "Garrison! Garrison! We must have Garrison! Out with him! Lynch him!" These and numberless other exclamations arose from the multitude. For a moment, their attention was diverted from me to the Anti-Slavery sign, and they vociferously demanded its possession. It is painful to state, that the Mayor promptly complied with their demand! So agitated and alarmed had he become, that in very weakness of spirit he ordered the sign to be hurled to the ground, and it was instantly broken into a thousand fragments by the infuriated populace. O, lamentable departure from duty—O, shameful outrage upon private property—by one who had sworn, not to destroy but to protect property—not to pander to the lawless desires of a mob, however "wealthy and respectable," but to preserve the public peace. The act was wholly unjustifiable. The Mayor might have lawfully surrendered me to the tender mercies of the mob, or ordered the building itself to be torn down, in order to propitiate them, as to remove that sign. Perhaps—may, probably he was actuated by kind intentions; probably he hoped that he should thereby satisfy the ravenous appetites of these human voracious, and persuade them to retire; probably he trusted thus to extricate me from danger. But the sequel proved that he only gave a fresh stimulus to popular fury; and if he could have saved my life, or the whole city from destruction, by that single act, still he ought not to have obeyed the mandate of the mob—no indeed! He committed a public outrage in the presence of the lawless and disobedient, and thus strangely expected to procure obedience to and a respect for the law! He behaved disorderly before rebels, that he might restore order among them!—Mr. HENRY WILLIAMS and Mr. JOHN L. DIMOCK also deserve severe reprehension for their forwardness in taking down the sign. The offence, under such circumstances, was very heinous. The value of the article destroyed was of no consequence; but the principle involved in its surrender and sacrifice is one upon which civil government, private property and individual liberty depend.

The sign being demolished, the cry for "Garrison" was renewed, more loudly than ever. It was now apparent, that the multitude would not disperse until I had left the building; and as egress out of the front door was impossible, the Mayor and his assistants, as well as some of my friends, earnestly besought me to effect my escape in the rear of the building. At this juncture, an abolition brother, whose mind had not been previously settled on the peace question, in his anguish and alarm for my safety, and in view of the helplessness of the civil authority, said—"I must henceforth repudiate the principle of non-resistance. When the civil arm is powerless, my own rights are trodden in the dust, and the lives of my friends are put in imminent peril by ruffians, I will hereafter prepare to defend myself and them at all hazards." Putting my hand upon his shoulder, I said, "Hold, my dear brother! You know not what spirit you are of. This is the trial of our faith, and the test of our endurance. Of what value or utility are the principles of peace and forgiveness, if we may repudiate them in the hour of peril and suffering? Do you wish to become like one of those violent and blood-thirsty men who are seeking my life? Shall we give blow for blow, and array sword against sword? God forbid! I will perish sooner than raise my hand against any man, even in self-defence, and let none of my friends resort to violence for my protection. If my life be taken, the cause of emancipation will not suffer. God reigns—his throne is undisturbed by this storm—he will make the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder he will restrain—his omnipotence will at length be victorious."

Preceded by my faithful and beloved friend Mr. J. R. C., I dropped from a back window on to a shed, and narrowly escaped falling headlong to the ground. We entered into a carpenter's shop, through which we attempted to get into Wilson's Lane, but found our retreat cut off by the mob. They raised a shout as soon as we came in sight, but the workmen promptly closed the door of the shop, kept them at bay for a time, and thus kindly afforded me an opportunity to find some other passage. I told Mr. C. it would be futile to attempt to escape—I would go out to the mob, and let them deal with me as they might elect; but he thought it was my duty to avoid them, as long as possible. We then went up stairs, finding a vacancy in one corner of the room, I got into it, and he and a young lad piled up some boards in front of me to shield me from observation. In a few minutes, several ruffians broke into the chamber, who seized Mr. C. in a rough manner, and led him out to the view of the mob, saying, "This is not Garrison, but Garrison's wife and Thompson's friend, and he says he knows where Garrison is, but won't tell." Then a shout of exultation was raised by the mob, and what became of him I do not know; though, as I was immediately discovered, I presume he escaped without material injury. On seeing me, three or four of the rioters, uttering a yell, furiously dragged me to the window, with the intention of hurling me from that height to the ground; but one of them relented and said—"Don't let us kill him outright!" So they drew me back, and coiled a rope about my body—probably to drag me through the streets. I bowed to the mob, and requesting them to wait patiently until I could descend, went down upon a ladder that was raised for that purpose. I fortunately extricated myself from the rope, and was seized by two or three powerful men, to whose firmness, policy and muscular energy, I am probably indebted for my preservation. They led me along bareheaded, (for I had lost my hat,) through a mighty crowd, ever and anon shouting, "He shan't be hurt! You shan't hurt him! Don't hurt him! He is an American!" &c. &c. This seemed to excite sympathy among many in the crowd, and they reiterated the cry, "He shan't be hurt!" I was thus conducted through Wilson's Lane into State-street, in the rear of the City Hall, over the ground that was stained with the blood of the first martyrs in the cause of LIBERTY and INDEPENDENCE, by the memorable massacre of 1770—and upon which was proudly unfurled, only a few years since, with joyous exclamations, the beautiful banner presented to the gallant Poles by the young men of Boston! What a scandalous and revolting contrast! My offence was in pleading for LIBERTY—liberty for my enslaved countrymen, colored though they be—liberty of speech and of the press for ALL!—And upon that "consecrated spot" I was made an object of derision and scorn, and my body was denuded of a large portion of its covering, in the presence of thousands of my fellow-citizens! O, base degeneracy from their parent-state!

Orders were now given to carry me to the Mayor's

office in the City Hall. As we approached the south door, the Mayor attempted to protect me by his presence; but as he was unassisted by any show of authority or force, he was quickly thrust aside—and now came a tremendous rush on the part of the mob to prevent my entering the hall. For a moment, the conflict was dubious—but my sturdy supporters carried me safely up to the Mayor's room.

Whatever those newspapers which were instrumental in stirring up the mob may report, throughout the whole of this trying scene I felt perfectly calm, nay very happy. It seemed to me that it was indeed a blessed privilege thus to suffer in the cause of Christ. Death did not present one repulsive feature. The promises of God sustained my soul, so that it was not only divested of fear, but ready to sing aloud for joy.

Having had my clothes rent asunder, one individual kindly lent me a pair of pantaloons—another, a coat—a third, a stock—a fourth, a cap as a substitute for my lost hat. After a consultation of fifteen or twenty minutes, the Mayor and his advisers came to the singular conclusion, that the building would be endangered by my continuing in it, and that the preservation of my life depended upon committing me to jail, ostensibly as a disturber of the peace!! A hack was got in readiness at the door to receive me—and, supported by Sheriff Parkman and Ebenezer Bailey, Esq. (the Mayor leading the way,) I succeeded in getting into it without much difficulty, as I was not readily identified in my new garb. Now came a scene that baffles the power of description. As the ocean, lashed into fury by the spirit of the storm, seeks to whelm the adventurous bark beneath its mountain waves—so did the mob, enraged by a series of disappointments, rush like a whirlwind upon the frail vehicle in which I sat, and endeavor to drag me out of it. Escape seemed a physical impossibility. They clung to the wheels—dashed open the doors—seized hold of the horses—and tried to upset the carriage. They were, however, vigorously repulsed by the police—a constable sprang in by my side—the doors were closed—and the driver, lustily using his whip upon the bodies of his horses and the heads of the rioters, happily made an opening through the crowd, and drove at a tremendous speed for Leverett-street. But many of the rioters followed even with superior swiftness, and repeatedly attempted to arrest the progress of the horses. To reach the jail by a direct course was found impracticable; and after going in a circuitous direction, and encountering many "hair-breadth 'scapes," we drove up to this new and last refuge of liberty and life, when another bold attempt was made to seize me by the mob—but in vain. In a few moments, I was locked up in a cell, safe from my persecutors, accompanied by two delightful associates, a good conscience and a cheerful mind. In the course of the evening, several of my friends came to my grated window to sympathize and rejoice with me, with whom I held a pleasant conversation until the hour of retirement, when I threw myself upon my prison-bed, and slept tranquilly during the night. In the morning I awoke quite refreshed, and after eating an excellent breakfast furnished by the kindness of my keeper, I inscribed upon the walls of my cell the following items:

Wm. Lloyd Garrison was put into this cell on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21, 1835, to save him from the violence of a "respectable and influential" mob, who sought to destroy him for preaching the abominable and dangerous doctrine, that "all men are created equal," and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God. "Hail, Columbia!" Cheers for the Autocrat of Russia, and the Sultan of Turkey!

Reader, let this inscription remain till the last slave in this despotical land be loosed from his fetters.

When peace within the bosom reigns,
And conscience gives 'th' approving voice;
Though bound the human form in chains,
Yet can the soul aloud rejoice.

'Tis true, my footsteps are confined—
I cannot range beyond this cell;
But what can circumscribe my mind?
To chain the winds attempt as well!

Confine me as a prisoner—but bind me not as a slave.
Punish me as a criminal—but hold me not as a chattel.

Torture me as a man—but drive me not like a beast.
Doubt my sanity—but acknowledge my immortality.

In the course of the forenoon, after passing through the mockery of an examination, for form's sake, before Judge Whitman, I was released from prison; but at the earnest solicitation of the city authorities, in order to tranquillize the public mind, I deemed it proper to leave the city for a few days, and accordingly took my departure, accompanied by Mrs. Garrison.

My thanks are due to Sheriff Parkman, for various acts of politeness and kindness; as also to Sheriff Sumner, Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Andrews, and several other gentlemen.

I have been thus minute in describing the rise, progress and termination of this disgraceful riot, in order to present (or rather to correct) false representations and exaggerated reports respecting it and myself. It is proper to subjoin a few reflections.

1. The outrage was perpetrated in Boston—the Cradle of Liberty—the city of Hancock and Adams—the head-quarters of refinement, literature, intelligence and religion! No comments can add to the infamy of this fact.

2. It was perpetrated in the open daylight of heaven, and was therefore most unblushing and daring in its features.

3. It was against the friends of human freedom—the liberty of speech—the right of association—and in support of the vilest slavery that ever cursed the world.

4. It was dastardly beyond precedent, as it was an assault of thousands upon a small body of helpless females. Charleston and New-Orleans have never acted so brutally. Courageous cravens!

5. It was planned and executed, not by the rabble, or the working-men, but by "gentlemen of property and standing from all parts of the city"—and now, that time has been afforded for reflection, it is still either openly justified or coldly disapproved by the "higher classes," and exultation among them is general throughout the city! The Boston Commercial Gazette proclaims that

"When the polls closed, at half past 5 o'clock last evening, the vote stood 989 to 1 against Garrison, Thompson and their female associates."

It copies the incendiary placard against Mr. Thompson, with this introduction:

"The following is a copy of the hand bill circulated yesterday on change just before 2 o'clock, which it is supposed was the means of bringing together an assemblage of fifteen hundred, or two thousand highly respectable gentlemen."

It adds, moreover, to prove that it was a refined, polite and chivalrous assembly—

"We never before saw so gentlemanly a rabble—if a rabble it may be called—as that assembled yesterday. They opened to the right and left in the greatest possible order, when a female attempted to pass in or out—not only so, but when a procession of some ten or a dozen black ladies made known their

wish to be admitted, the same was done for them, without the slightest token of disapprobation being manifested. It was in fact a meeting of gentlemen of property and standing from all parts of the city, who were disposed, and still are determined, at all hazards, and, 'come what may,' to preserve the peace of the city from all domestic incendiaries, as well as to protect the integrity of the Union against foreign interference."

The story about the "ten or a dozen black ladies" is a fiction. But it certainly was a "gentlemanly rabble," dressed in fine broad-cloth, the Corinthian elite of the city. The Gazette concludes as follows:

"We trust that Garrison and his deluded followers will learn a lesson from the events of yesterday afternoon, that shall prove a benefit to them for the rest of their lives. It will not do for them to browbeat public opinion in this way; 'it cannot, nor it will not come to good.' This community will no longer tolerate their rascally conduct."

"This community"—mark that! It is true, then—"our enemies being judges"—that Lynch law is approved by the most reputable mag in the city—when applied to the case of abolitionists!

6. It is virtually approved by all the daily presses, except the Daily Advocate and the Daily Reformer. These independent presses have spoken out in a tone worthy of the best days of the revolution.

7. It is evidently winked at by the city authorities. No efforts have been made to arrest the leading rioters. The Mayor has made no public appeal to the citizens to preserve order; nor has he given any assurance that the right of free discussion shall be enjoyed without molestation; nor did he array any military force against the mob, or attempt to disperse them except by useless persuasion; on the contrary, he complied with their wishes in tearing down the anti-slavery sign. He was chairman, too, of the pro-slavery meeting in Faneuil Hall, at which Washington was cheered for being a SLAVEHOLDER!

8. It is clearly approved by the courts. The proprietors and editors of the Commercial Gazette (to say nothing of the Atlas, Centinel and Courier) ought to have been indicted for attempting to stir up a riot. Sedition is the leading characteristic of that vile press. Where is the Grand Jury, that it does not present it for prosecution?

What will be the effect of this riot? Will it cause one abolitionist to swerve from the faith? Will it prevent either men or women from assembling together, to devise ways and means for the destruction of the slave system? Will it stop the freedom of discussion? Will it put down the Liberator? Will it check the growth of the anti-slavery cause? Will it slacken my efforts? NO! It will have a contrary effect. It will humble the pride of this city; it will rouse up and concentrate all that is left of the free spirit of our fathers; it will excite sympathy for the persecuted, and indignation against the persecutor; it will multiply sterling converts to our doctrines; it will increase the circulation of anti-slavery writings; it will substitute a thousand debaters in the place of one, and make the discussion of slavery paramount to all other topics; it will make the triumph of truth over error, and of liberty over oppression, and of law over jacobinism, and of republicanism over aristocracy, more signal and glorious; it will lead the most blind to see that the existence of southern slavery is incompatible with the exercise of the rights and privileges of northern freemen; and it will nerve my arm to strike heavier blows than ever upon the head of the monster oppression. We give our enemies their choice of weapons, and conquer them easily. The reason that we utter is impalpable, yet real: it cannot be thrust down by brute force, nor pierced with a dagger, nor bribed with gold, nor overcome by the application of a coat of tar and feathers. The cause that we espouse is the cause of human liberty, formidable to tyrants, and dear to the oppressed, throughout the world—containing the elements of immortality, sublime as heaven, and far-reaching as eternity—embracing every interest that appertains to the welfare of the bodies and souls of men, and sustained by the omnipotence of the Lord Almighty. THE PRINCIPLES that we inculcate are those of equity, mercy and love, as set forth in the glorious gospel of the blessed God—without partiality and without hypocrisy, and full of good fruits. In the midst of tribulation, therefore, we rejoice, and count it all honor to suffer in the cause of our dear Redeemer. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea. "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O Most Mighty, with thy glory and thy majesty; and in thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth, and meekness, and righteousness; and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things." Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

Boston, Oct. 25, 1835.

THINGS WHICH ARE NOT TRUE.

It is not true that Mr. Garrison has ever had a watch presented to him.

It is not true that he had either his watch or his pocket-book stolen from him by the honorable and aristocratic mob—no thanks to them, however.

It is not true that a rope was fastened about his neck.

It is not true (as the calumniator who edits the Atlas remarks) that on arriving at the jail, "he sank exhausted upon a seat, exclaiming, 'Never was a man so rejoiced to get into jail before.'" This is all fiction. I did not feel at all exhausted, or sit down until the lapse of at least three hours after my incarceration, or make any such exclamation. I never felt more cheerful in my life.

It is not true that "he was very much frightened, and fell down on his knees, clasped his hands, and begged hard for mercy." This is altogether false. Nor was I wholly dumb while in the hands of those who first seized me in the carpenter's shop, and who seemed to be insanely frantic—tearing my coat, shaking me fiercely, &c.; but I simply said to them, "It is needless to make such extra-efforts of violence—I shall go down to the mob unresistingly."

It is not true that "when he came out of the lane, with the two young men who had him in charge, there were not six persons within nearly two rods distance of them"—for there was a great throng. This and the preceding fiction are from the manufactory of the Transcript.

The same paper says that my countenance "was deadly pale, whilst a ghastly smile was diffused over [my] pallid features!!" As I had no looking-glass (the "respectable" mob were not so liberal as to furnish me with one) in which to contemplate my features, of course I cannot say how I looked, although I can testify how I felt—and if feeling affects the countenance, then both were full of composure.

It is not true that I left either the building or the city because I was intimidated—but I left both at the earnest entreaty of the city authorities, and of several friends, and particularly on account of the delicate state of Mrs. Garrison's health.

Other fictions have been coined for effect, and are now circulating in the market, which do not require contradiction. Every reflecting and upright man will naturally come to the conclusion, that those editors who were base enough by their lies and calumnies to stir up the mob, will lie and calumniate respecting the ladies' meeting, and the manner in which I met the ruffianism of "wealthy and respectable" rioters.

The editor of the Liberator has received a generous donation from an unknown friend, for which he is filled with emotions of gratitude, as it is a timely ministering to his necessities; but especially is he grateful to God, as, accompanying the gift, is the following note, which assures him that he has not labored in vain in the cause of righteousness. May the secret given be rewarded openly by our Divine Master!

"Mr. Garrison is requested to receive the enclosed trifle from a friend, who owes to him, (under God,) an expanded Christian affection, and in rectified principles, what money can never repay."

Garrison is in Connecticut, and will not probably return immediately to Boston.—N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

Mr. Garrison is not in Connecticut, but in Boston. It is peculiarly distressing to me to be accused of cowardice by such brave and disinterested men as edit the Journal of Commerce!

LITERARY.

[For the Liberator.]
THE SLAVE AT THE STAKE.

And this must be my fate! And at the stake
And midst unfolding flames, ye bid me die,
In agonies untold. For what? What though there fell
In an unguarded hour, some droppings forth
Of that full sea of restless agony,
Which in my bosom swelled beyond control!
Were I the brute ye wish, I might be calm!
Like very dogs, might fawn, and crouch to shame!
But I do feel—yes! deeply, strongly feel
The spirit of a man glow bright within.
And know ye not that man's proud spirit swells
Beneath Oppression's hand—'till it burst?
Ye must yourselves be slaves, of basest dye,
If to your bosoms this is all unknown—
My life has been a life of ceaseless toil:
The hand of avarice has grasped my strength,
And swallowed up my unperformed powers.
Like some fair rivulet, that joyful springs
From out the mountain side, and flows along
To cheer the earth with verdure and sweet flowers,
My life began. But avarice in my course
Spread out a quicksand, where I soon was lost.
—And but for this, my being might have flowed
In usefulness and beauty through its course:
And when that course was finished, might have joined
With fellow spirits in the sea of bliss.
And lo! at such a thought, a murmur burst
Forth from the lips of one, who should have felt
Himself a slave, nor ventured such a thought!
O dreadful crime! worthy indeed of death!
Did I not feel, well might I be a slave!
'Tis not alone that toil, with ceaseless weight,
Bears down my wearied frame into the dust—
'Tis not that I must writhe in speechless pain
Beneath the torturing scourge—feel every nerve
Shrinking and quivering with agony—
Nor is it even that the heart's strong ties
Of love and friendship are asunder torn—
That those I love are ravished from my sight.
Others beside the slave have borne all these,
Nor shrunk away from torture, grief or toil.
And I could bear it all, if this were all.
But no! ye strive to tread my spirit down—
Ye'd have me grovel like the unfeeling brute,
And cast away the noblest gifts of God.
But this ye cannot do! 'E'en now I feel
My bosom swell with exultation high,
Which scorns your power. To ashes soon shall change
This tortured frame; but thence anew shall burst
My spirit forth, in nobler power and beauty:
And feel no more Oppression's fell control.

Hallowell, Oct. 1835.

E. D.

[For the Liberator.]
ANTI-SLAVERY HYMN.

Ye've heard Oppression's guilty name—
Before your minds the visions fly
Of man's proud spirit racked with shame,
Of woman in her agony.
Their mournful cries have reached your ear—
They pour them on the burdened air—
Again they come—do ye not hear
The wailing cry of deep despair?
O there is misery dark and deep,
Unknown, untellable woe!
And will ye o'er their sufferings sleep,
And bid their tears forever flow?
Ye do not feel! ye do not feel!
The spirit's stirring power is fled!
Your hearts are hard and cold as steel,
And all of passion's fire is dead!
To the deep tone of sorrow's cry,
No sympathetic chord responds;
The heart re-echoes not the sigh
Of those who mourn in slavery's bonds.
O rouse the spirit from its sleep!
The icy heart in tears bid flow:
O feel and act for those who weep,
As if yourselves had borne their woe!

Hallowell, Oct. 1835.

E. D.

HYMN FOR THE CONVENTION.

The following hymn, for the use of the Utica Convention, was composed, a few nights previous, by a young lady, recently converted to the cause of immediate emancipation. The circumstances of the meeting of course prevented any exercises of singing.

TUNE—BROOK'S ADDRESS.

Children of the glorious dead,
Who for freedom fought and bled,
With her banner o'er you spread,
On to victory!

Not for stern ambition's prize,
Nor for hopes and wishes rise;
Lo, our Leader, from the skies,
Bids us do or die.

Ours is not the tented field—
We no earthly weapons wield—
Light and Love, our sword and shield,
Truth our Panoply.

This is proud oppression's hour;
Storms are round us: shall we cower?
While beneath a despot's power
Grouches the suffering slave?

While on every southern gale
Comes the helpless captive's tale,
And the voice of woman's wail,
And of man's despair?

While our homes and rights are dear,
Guarded still with watchful fear,
Shall we coldly turn our ear
From the suppliant's prayer?

Never! by our country's shame—
Never! by a Saviour's claim
To the men of every name,
Whom he died to save.

Onward, then, ye fearless band—
Hearts to heart, and hand to hand;
Ye shall be the patriot's stand—
Or the martyr's grave.

S. T. S.

From 'Human Rights.'

FLOGGING FEMALES.

Beast thou a man's, a Christian's name?
If not for pity, yet for shame,
O fling the scourge aside!
Her tender form may writhe and bleed—
But deeper cuts the barbarous deed
The female's modest pride.
Sip first by woman came—for this,
The Lord hath marked her earthly bliss,
With many a bitter throe:
But mercy tempts wrath, and scorn
Pursues the wretch who adds a thorn
To heaven-inflicted woe.
Thine infancy was lashed to rest,
On woman's aching bosom prest,
Enfolded by her arm—
Her hand upheld thy tottering pace—
And Oh! how deep the foul disgrace,
If thus can work her harm!
Hush! not thy native's conscious plea;
Weak, helpless, succorless, to thee
Her looks for mercy pray:
He who records each lash, will roll
Torrents of vengeance on thy soul:
O, fling that scourge away!

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

SLAVERY.

SPIRIT OF THE LORD'S FREEMEN!

We find the following account of a spirited anti-slavery meeting recently held in the State of New York, in the Union-Village Banner, a very decided advocate of liberty and equal rights.

ABOLITION MEETING.

A meeting of the citizens of Fort Ann, in the County of Washington, and State of New York, was held at the Presbyterian Church in the village of said town, on the 31st day of August, 1835, to adopt measures in relation to the subject of slavery, and to take into consideration the expediency of forming an anti-slavery society. The meeting was called to order by Rev. Mr. Brown, on whose motion HIRAM SHIPMAN, Esq. was called to the chair, and WILLIAM BARNES appointed secretary.

The meeting was then opened by prayer; after which the Declaration of sentiment of the National Anti-Slavery Convention was read by Dr. IRA HATCH, with remarks. Mr. BARNES then read the Preamble and constitution of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Mr. CULVER read extracts from the Constitution of the U. S. States, showing that it contained only a tacit recognition of slavery, while it secured an open and expressed right of free discussion, and liberty of the press, and of speech—contrasting these expressed constitutional guarantees with the late high toned doctrine of the South, in attempting to suppress discussion, and abolish the liberty of the press. He also read from the Constitution of the State of N. York, showing that "every citizen may freely speak, write and publish his sentiments on all subjects," and that "no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of the press."

The Rev. Mr. BROWN addressed the meeting in a few pertinent remarks, stating the objections he had heretofore entertained against the abolition cause—that he had formerly been favorably disposed towards the Colonization Society, thinking it would eventually remedy the evils of slavery, but that he had been satisfied it was a delusive hope—that the Southern advocates of Colonization did not even pretend to have in view the final extinction of Slavery, but rather its perpetuation—that he had come to the conclusion that the system should be, and with safety could be, abolished.

Mr. CULVER then introduced the following preamble and resolutions, after the reading of which, the meeting was addressed by Messrs. Barnes, Vilas, Hatch, Brown and Culver, and the resolutions were unanimously adopted by the meeting: Whereas, the present is a day of frequent appeal to Constitutional rights, and allusion is often had to liberties guaranteed to us by the Charter of our Independence; and whereas, we find secured to us by that Charter and Constitution, among other blessings, the right of free discussion, the freedom of speech, and the liberty of the press. Therefore,

Resolved, as the sentiment of this meeting, That in the exercise of our constitutional rights, we unreservedly declare our conviction that the holding in bondage 2,000,000 of our fellow beings—the hypocritical claim of holding them as property, goods and chattels, transferable at the freak of the Master, to be bought and sold like oxen in the market—the excluding them from the blessings of life, of education, religion and improvement—refusing them the credibility of witnesses in court—denying them the right of being parties in law—exposing their social and domestic relations to dissolution—the chaining down their minds in slavish brutality—oppressing their bodies to the cruelty of the driver, and the cupidity of the holder, is a crime of frightful magnitude in the sight of Heaven—that it is a violation of the laws of nature, humanity and justice, and ought to be repented of and abandoned forever.

Resolved, That the charge promulgated against the friends of Abolition—of sowing dissension in our country—of promoting discord and insurrection—of exciting the South to secession from the union, and disseminating incendiary publications—is a wanton perversion of the truth, and is a downright libel on the character, conduct and motives of the friends of the abolition cause; that to give this charge the life we have only to appeal to our sentiments, our publications, our doings, and to ask where is the instance that we have addressed the slave at all—that we have ever appealed to his passions or prejudices—that we have ever lapsed a word of rebellion or insurrection—or that we encouraged physical resistance to the Law or to the Master? But on the contrary our weapons have only been those of reason, and argument and truth, addressed to the consciences of the slave holder and the makers of the slave law; that these, and these only are our weapons, and we challenge the world to show the reverse of this, and we only ask that our publications and sentiments should be read before they are calumniated and condemned.

Resolved, That we deem it gross injustice in those who know the least of our sentiments, and have never read our publications to be the loudest and most vociferous in their denunciations of our motives, measures and principles.

Resolved, That while we are pained to witness the fiery exhibitions and mobocratic indications of Southern vengeance, we still determine to preserve our balance and put the blame where it belongs; not upon the friends of abolition at the North, who only ask an open discussion of the evil, and the adoption of a peaceable remedy for its removal; but we charge it upon the disturbed conscience of the guilty slave holder at the South, and his servile tale-bearers at the North, who are ready to echo his threats and go at his bidding.

Resolved, That the expressions of sentiment put forth at the recent Southern meetings in Richmond, Norfolk, Charleston, Washington, New Orleans, and other places, denying to Northern men the right of discussing the subject, or of uttering their sentiments upon it—threatening us with vengeance if we attempt to legislate upon it in the District of Columbia, and in the New States and Territories, where we have constitutional foothold as well as they—calling on our northern Legislatures to pass laws to arrest enquiry and put down discussion, and to suppress our publications—offering rewards for the heads of our Northern citizens—encouraging the arresting and punishment of our citizens in a summary and vindictive manner—and above all threatening to dissolve the union, if Abolitionists are not suppressed; an assumption of power and high-toned threats, by which we are never to be awed, and to which we will never crouch, while we wear the liberty of American citizens.

Resolved, That we have beheld with feelings of regret the crouching and egyptian posture adopted by the recent public meetings in our cities at the north, in not daring to speak out in defence of our assailed rights, and letting the South know that our rights of discussion, and liberty of speech and the press, are held as sacred as their hypocritical rights of property in human flesh and blood—that we regret that our citizens at the North should assail and condemn the friends of Abolition, while they let the guilty slave holder go clear—that while they are willing to bow, and cringe, and pity, and flatter the Southern planter in his rage, they dare not look upon, or speak upon the side of the poor slave; his side of the question is entirely overlooked, and he is trodden in the dust.

Resolved, That the degraded African has rights natural, civil, and unalienable, as well as the Master; and that his rights should never be lost sight of, in the discussion of the subject.

Resolved, That as we hold slavery a sin—a crime in the sight of Heaven—it is the province of the philanthropist, the friend of humanity, the Christian and the minister of righteousness, to use all peaceable and constitutional means for its speedy removal, the same as any other moral or political evil in our country.

Resolved, That while the North disclaims all wishes or intention, to interfere with the legal rights of the South, other than by candid appeals and forcible persuasion to the understanding and conscience of the slaveholder; it is nevertheless the duty of the North to show to our nation, and the world, our abhorrence of slavery, by doing all in its power, to procure its abolition in our Districts and Territories, and by the diffusion of light, and the forming of Anti-Slavery associations in every town, and county, thereby effecting an entire renovation of public sentiment on this subject.

Resolved, That we recommend to all candid men, before they denounce us as "incendiaries and fanatics," to first become acquainted with our sentiments, and to read our publications.

Resolved, That the hue and cry, raised against immediate emancipation, by proclaiming the dangers of turning negroes loose, to murder, pillage and burn, is shown to be groundless and unjust, from the happy experiments in the West Indies—in St. Domingo, Antigua and Barbados—and other places, whereby the act of British Parliament, slavery was abolished—Slaves converted into freemen; and where now, instead of riots and mobs—and murder and bloodshed—peace and order, and liberty and virtue, and religion prevail.

Resolved, That with TRUTH for our bulwark—with JUSTICE and EQUALITY of RIGHTS for our motto—HUMANITY for our object—and PERSUASION and ARGUMENT for our weapons—we shall move forward, not indiscreetly, but firmly and unflinchingly to our work, undismayed by high-toned threats of Slave holders at the South, and truckling and crouching of slave holding apologists at the North.

An Anti-Slavery Society was then formed, and HIRAM SHIPMAN, was elected President, and WILLIAM BARNES, Recording and Corresponding Secretary.

Messrs. Culver, Shipman and Barnes, were appointed a committee to publish the proceedings in such periodicals as they should think expedient, and also to invite some person to deliver an address at the next meeting.

The meeting then adjourned to the 2d Monday in October next.

The publishing Committee respectfully request all editors friendly to the cause of abolition, and editors who have calumniated and abused that cause, to publish the foregoing resolutions.

H. SHIPMAN, President.
Wm. BARNES, Secretary.
Fort Ann, September 3, 1835.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Boston Daily Advocate.]

LAW OF RIOTS.

Now that Boston has become the seat of mob law, under the sanction, (as the incendiary Gazette affirms, which was active in getting up the mob, and exulted in its success) of 'highly respectable gentlemen, and men of property from all parts of the city,' it is time for the people, and for all who wish to protect themselves and their property, should they become unpopular, to look about them, and see what the laws are to suppress riots, and what the means, and especially what the disposition are to enforce such laws, among our magistrates.

It matters not who is the object of an outrage upon the supremacy of the laws: were he a convict going to the gallows, any lawless violence against him, should be punished in the same manner, as though he were the most popular citizen in the land. Popular men do not need any law to protect them; it is obnoxious and unpopular men, those whose opinions and persons are odious in a community, who require the protection of the laws.

The simple question for every good citizen to ask is, is there not law enough to punish every offence which can be committed in Boston? If there be not, and the means to enforce it, the City Council sits every week; the State Legislature is in session daily in the State House, go to those bodies, and any just law that is within their constitutional powers, will be passed, on showing that it is necessary to punish any injury done to the community.

If no such act is called for, and any citizen, however unpopular he may be, violates no law in expressing his opinion, it is plain that such citizen is as much entitled to protection as is the Governor or of the Commonwealth, or the most favored man in the land. His house is his castle, and there the law should protect him, nor tear him from his family and send him to a jail as the only means of protecting him from personal outrage.

On the other hand, if any man, be he never so odious, has violated any law, are there not laws enough to punish him, and officers and courts of justice to detect and try him? Leave him to the laws.

These propositions are so plain, that to seriously urge them upon the consideration of the enlightened people of Boston, would seem to be like teaching the learned Faculty of Harvard College their primer. And yet we see these principles set at naught, and as one paper, (the getter up and approver of the mob) assures us; by gentlemen of property from all parts of the city. Whether this be so or not, certain it is, that a citizen of Boston, having the same rights to the protection of the law, and to personal security in his own office and dwelling, that Daniel Webster, Abbott Lawrence, the Lieut. Governor or Mayor have, has been put in prison to prevent a lawless mob from outraging his person, perhaps taking his life.

The mandate of the Bill of Rights, which every citizen is either directly, or impliedly, under oath to obey, is torn to rags and scattered to the winds, in the face of our public authorities. That mandate is—

'EACH INDIVIDUAL OF THE SOCIETY, HAS A RIGHT TO BE PROTECTED BY IT, IN THE ENJOYMENT OF LIFE, LIBERTY AND PROPERTY ACCORDING TO STANDING LAWS.' AND NO SUBJECT SHALL BE ARRESTED, IMPRISONED, DEPOSED OR DEPRIVED OF HIS PROPERTY, IMMUNITIES OR PRIVILEGES, OUT OF THE PROTECTION OF THE LAWS, EXILED OR DEPRIVED OF HIS LIFE, LIBERTY, OR ESTATE, BUT BY THE JUDGMENT OF HIS PEERS OR THE LAWS OF THE LAND.'

These were the old fashioned notions of the framers of the constitution, and of the men who could do nothing better than to fight on Bunker Hill about a little tea tax.

The descendants of the Boston Liberty boys, have grown wiser. They understand by the Bill of Rights, that each individual who agrees with the majority, has a right to be protected—that a judgment of his peers, means a decision of a mob, indicted by an incendiary press; and incendiary handbills against any unpopular individuals; and 'immunities' and 'privileges,' mean that no man in Boston shall do or say any thing, which may be disagreeable to the Nullifiers and White men of the South.

For, 'every subject has a right to be secure in his own house,' and for the old maxim, 'every man's house is his castle,' the expounders of Lynch Law, through their reporter, the editor of the Bos-

ton Gazette, make it read, 'every subject has a right to be shut up in Leverett street jail, without warrant of law, in order that he may be protected in the enjoyment of his liberty!'

And where is all this to end. If public odium against an individual is to be permitted to take the law into its own hands, and inflict summary punishment with the silent approbation of the majority; whose turn may it be next to fall under public odium? Against what individual will the incendiary Gazette next direct the vengeance of the mob? Who will be marked out and proscribed by handbills posted in the streets, offering rewards to those who will seize the individual and plunge him into a tar kettle? Men of property, says the Gazette, were the active agents in the mob, which, to the apparent regret of that paper, barely failed by one or two minutes, of taking the life of an obnoxious citizen, 'then and there being in the peace of God, and of the Commonwealth.' Now men of property profess alarm at the setting the poor against the rich. God and good men avert it, but suppose it shall become one day as unpopular to be a rich man, as it is now to be opposed to slavery. Shall the rich man be sent to Leverett street jail, to protect him in the enjoyment of his liberty? Let those who now sanction outrage upon an individual, no matter how odious he may be, justly or unjustly; let them reflect where all this is to end.

In this connexion, it may be well to remind the 'men of property' whom the Gazette applauds for taking part in a mob, that there are laws ample and full for punishing them, and for protecting the person of any man be he ever so detestable, without sending him to a jail. In consequence of the Charleston Riot, the Legislature passed a special act last winter, 'more effectually to suppress riots.'

An Act provides that if twelve or more persons armed with clubs or weapons, or thirty or more persons armed or not armed, shall be unlawfully, riotously, riotously or tumultuously assembled, in any city, or town, it shall be the duty of the Mayor and each of the Aldermen of the city, of every justice of the Peace, Sheriff or Deputy in the city and towns, forthwith to go among said persons, or as near as safety may be, and command them immediately and peaceably to disperse—and if they do not immediately disperse, the magistrates and officers and each of them are authorized to seize the persons so assembled, and to keep them in custody to be proceeded against according to law. So that idle spectators, who refuse to disperse, may be seized the same as if they were actually rioters.

To enable the officers to seize all persons refusing to disperse, any Magistrate has a right to command the aid and assistance of every person present, and if such persons refuse to assist in seizing the rioters, or being required to depart from the place of the assembly shall neglect to do so, he shall be deemed and taken to be one of the rioters, and be prosecuted accordingly.

Further, the law makes it the imperative duty of every Mayor and Alderman of the city of Boston, every Justice of the Peace, Selectman and Sheriff of the towns, whenever any persons shall be unlawfully assembled in their respective cities or towns, immediately to proceed to the place of assembling, or as near as safety may be, and to take the above measures to disperse such assembled persons—and every Magistrate and officer, who knowing of such unlawful assembly, shall neglect or refuse to proceed in this manner, or shall omit to exercise the authority given him by this act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and be liable to a fine of \$200, for every offence, to be recovered by indictment.

[Have the authorities of Boston, in the late disgraceful riot, relieved themselves from liability to this fine?]

The Act declares further, that if any persons so assembled shall neglect to disperse when ordered so to do, any two magistrates or officers may require the aid of a SUFFICIENT NUMBER OF PERSONS IN ARMS or otherwise, and may proceed to take such measures as in the judgment of such two magistrates are expedient, to disperse said tumultuous assembly, and seize and secure the persons composing it; and if such persons, or any spectators, being present, shall be killed or wounded, by reason of the efforts so made under the direction of the magistrates; all persons acting under the authority of the magistrates in taking life or wounding persons, shall be justified by law—and if any magistrate or person acting under them shall be killed or wounded, the persons tumultuously assembled shall all be held answerable therefor.

This is the law, and under such a law, if executed, it is impossible that there ever could be a successful riot in Boston. The Mayor may plant cannon in the street, and sweep down the whole multitude, if they refuse to disperse. There is no limit in the power, and there is no discretion to the officer, for the law says he shall disperse the mob, or resort to military force. We forbear the comment upon what seems to us a neglect somewhere to enforce the law, whereby the precedent has been established in Boston, that a mob may take possession of the city, and do their pleasure, and that in such case, being imprisoned in a jail, is the only protection the authorities can afford to an obnoxious citizen.

We are not among the abolitionists; we would even beg those engaged in that cause to yield to present expediency, an undoubted right, viz: free discussion—because in the inflamed state of the public mind it can do no good. But where is the safety of the citizen? Where is the efficiency of our laws, where is the reproach we lavished on the Selectmen of Charleston, where the indignation meetings, to denounce riots in our public streets? What man in this community can feel safe a moment, should that Robespierre of the press, the Boston Gazette, see fit to point him out as an object of attack for the mob! Perhaps he will do us this service, for daring to write this article. That paper on one occasion, attempted to do so for us; but if a man cannot live in this city, except at the sufferance of the incendiary Gazette and his mob, it were better not to live at all.

Hogs in Harness. A novelty was seen at St. Albans the other day, which proves that pigs are not of such a dolish material as admits of no improvement. A man who holds a small farm near St. Albans, made his entry into the latter place, mounted on a small cart drawn by four large hogs. He entered the town at a brisk trot, amidst the acclamation of hundreds, who were soon drawn together to witness this uncommon spectacle. After making the tour of the market place three or four times, he went into the Woolpack yard, had his swinish cattle unharnessed and taken into a stable together, where they were regaled with a trough full of beans and wash. They remained about two hours while he despatched his business as usual at the market, when they were put to and driven home again, multitudes cheering him. This man, it is said, has only had these animals under training six months. A gentleman on the spot offered him 50l. for the concern as it stood, but it was indignantly refused.

Mobs. The editor of the Baltimore American remarks, with great force and justice, that all the rich and the poor, the strong as well as the feeble, the dishonest as well as the honest, are alike interested in maintaining the supremacy of law. Destroy this supremacy, take away the consciousness of its might, and society breaks up into its crude elements,—industry, deprived of protection, relaxes its efforts,—morals, unsupported by public authority, quickly yield to emboldened passion,—progress is stayed,—civilization falls back, and by degrees darkness will overpread the land, broken only by the lurid flashing of civil conflict.

The Salem Meeting. The Liberator of Saturday gives some account of the proceedings of a meeting on Friday afternoon, from which it appears that there is more of a "mobish spirit" at that town, than was supposed. In the morning a placard was posted up at the corners of the streets, calling upon the friends of good order, &c. to meet at the same time and place (as were specified in the first notice for a meeting) to denounce the sign agitators, innkeepers, &c. The friends of order repaired to the Town Hall, there, with the expectation that their views might be expressed; but they were not prepared to be foiled in the endeavor. The anti-mob party (so called, for the purpose of the meeting) was to denounce the sign agitators, innkeepers, &c. The friends of order, on the other hand, were to denounce the anti-mob party. The meeting was a success, and a chairman to the meeting—Benjamin Merrill, Esq. The other party, however, elected a Secretary—John F. Allen. The meeting being thus organized, Stephen C. Phillips presented a list of resolutions, corresponding with the wishes of those who first called the meeting. David Fingert then presented another set, which he moved as a substitute for those of Mr. Phillips.

The meeting was then addressed by Judge Cummins, in favor of the first resolutions and against the substitute. He was frequently interrupted by vulgar exclamations, hisses, shouts, &c. and at length desisted from his attempt to address the meeting. Mr. Phillips then withdrew his resolutions, and expressed a desire that those who were in favor of them would remain in the house, after the meeting should be dissolved, and act upon them independently of the opposing party. The moderator then declared that there was no question before the meeting, Mr. Phillips' resolutions being withdrawn, and Mr. Fingert's being offered only as an amendment. The adoption of Mr. Fingert's resolutions was immediately moved and carried, almost by acclamation, few or none of the "friends of order" voting against it, in consequence of their having no further connection with the meeting. After the meeting was dissolved, the "friends of order" remained, and after some indications of a disposition to prevent their proceedings had subsided, organized a new meeting, with Judge Cummins in the chair, and Dr. Ferson acting as Secretary—and silently passed the preamble and resolutions, which had been offered by Mr. Phillips.—Courier.

FORGERY. Nathaniel Freeman, was detected in New York a few days since, in an ingenious forgery. He sent a boy to Mr. John Rankin with the following note:—

"New York, 25th Oct. 1835.
My Dear Sir—You will particularly oblige me to send me \$1000 or 1200 till tomorrow. I want it at this moment.
ARTHUR TAPPAN & Co.
P. S. I have just received a letter of telling interest on the great cause, which I wish to show you this afternoon if you are at leisure."
A. T. & Co.

Mr. Rankin, suspecting that all was not right, returned the following reply:—

"New York, Wednesday morning.
Dear Sirs—I am very busily engaged now, but I will see you in about an hour. Yours, &c.
JOHN RANKIN.

Messrs. Arthur Tappan & Co.
Mr. Rankin followed the boy to a degraded place—and Freeman was arrested. Another forged note was found upon his person of the following purport:—
"Messrs. Brown, Brothers & Co. Gentlemen, will you please to lend me about \$1000 or \$1200 till tomorrow.
Yours, &c.
A. TAPPAN & Co."

Freeman was admitted to recognize in the sum of \$1000 for his appearance at Court. He was formerly a resident of this city—and fled the situation of Deputy Sheriff. It is said that his ruin has been occasioned by lottery speculation.

Ear Trumpets. Philosophy has done less for the ear, when the sense of hearing is impaired, than its importance obviously demands. From immemorial time the only aid has been a sort of trumpet shape metallic tube, in effect, a bugle, for collecting the sonorous rays. This has been the case, and it is not the least contrivance, however, for it is intruded into the region of sound. Flexible India rubber pipes are, if possible, still worse. Such is the minute structure of the internal apparatus of the labyrinth, that no mechanical operation can be safely conducted,—hence the only hope of recovering even a partial sense of hearing depends essentially on the instrument applied with out. These ear trumpets actually modeled on the distal extremity of the external, catagorical ear, affixed to a short tube, the chance of being would be greatly enhanced. With such an irregular surface of canals, gyrations and deep pits as described on the ear, presented in the direction from whence the sound emanates, the impulses would be gathered far more readily. Simply imitate the part of the organ, and the prospect of relief will be flattering. Nature never would have executed and shaped it in its present form, had it not been the very best mode of accomplishing the object.—Scientific Traits.

Shocking Homicide. In Grafton, on the 20th ult. a young man named Powers, 23 years of age, son of Henry Powers of Berlin, was instantly killed, in an affray with one Jonathan Brooks. There had been some previous cause of difficulty between them, and, on the morning of the affray, Brooks called at the residence of Powers, where, on invitation of some length took place, during which, and after several blows had passed on each side, several wounds were inflicted, by Brooks upon Powers, with a common pocket knife, one of which was of a mortal character. Powers went a few steps toward the house after receiving the wounds, and fell in the road, where he expired. Brooks made no attempt to escape, and was committed to prison in this town for trial. There were several witnesses to the affray, though not directly on the spot, yet so near as to hear much of the conversation which passed between them. Worcester Spy.

Harvard University. By the annual catalogue received from a young friend, it appears that there are, in the three classes of the Divinity School, 22 students, of whom 4 are from N. Hampshire, 1 from Maine, 1 from R. I. and the remaining 16 from Mass.

In the three classes of the Law School, are 23 Students, of whom 22 are of Mass. 10 of Me. 2 of N. H. 3 of S. C. 3 of Ct. 2 of Va. 2 of Ohio, 1 of R. I. and 1 from each of the States of Geo. Ten. Vt. Ala. and Ind.

In the Medical School are 163 Students, of whom 80 are of Mass. 7 from Me. 5 from N. H. 3 from R. I. 2 from Ct. 1 from Louisiana, 1 from N. Va. 1 from Cuba, and 1 from England.

The number of Under Graduates is 208, besides 2 who are not candidates for degrees, of whom 158 are of Mass. 13 of N. H. 6 of S. C. 5 of N. Y. 4 of Pen. 3 of Geo. 3 of Md. 2 of Cal. of Ohio, 2 of La. 1 of Vt. 1 of Geo. 1 of Da. Cal. and 1 of Rio Janeiro.—Exeter News Letter.

Extra Balloon News. A gentleman who arrived in the mail from the south, informs us that about half-past four yesterday morning, a balloon, with the car attached descended at Bordentown, New Jersey. The car contained only a John B. Wise, and handbill, which stated that John B. Wise, was to make an ascension from Lancaster, Penn. at 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon. The ledge rope o'clock on Saturday afternoon, and the belief is that was appended to the car, and the belief is that from violence of wind or some other cause the balloon suddenly escaped from his command. The distance from Lancaster to the place of alighting was about 70 miles. We hope the aeronaut who sustained no serious injury, and took advantage again to remark, that as no possible success was to be gained from the numerous ascensions of late, that the circumstance here related, will prevent any future attempts at Aerostation.—A. Y. Gazette.

Reaping in Gloves. A letter from the frontiers of Bohemia, dated Aug. 25, says that a few days ago we had such cold weather, that the country people were seen in the mountains in fur coats and gloves reaping the corn, which had a most ludicrous appearance. The temperature fell in the night to degrees Reaumur (75 Fahrenheit) below the freezing point, and the borders of the forest are covered with hoar frost.—German paper.